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McKean County Miner.

BURT OLSON, Editor and Proprietor.
OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE COUNTY
TERMS: $1.25 Per Year

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NO. 52

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Official Directory.

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Sec'y of Internal Affairs—James Latta.

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Lodge Directory.

F. & A. M.—McKean Lodge, No. 388, meets on the second and fourth Wednesday of each month, at 7½ o'clock p. m., at Masonic Hall, Main street.
F. G. Gallup, W. M.
W. F. Spencer, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Lodge, No. 390, meets Friday evening at 8 o'clock in I. O. O. F. Hall. Will work Initiatory degree 1st meeting of each month, 1st degree on second, 2d degree on third and 3d degree on fourth meetings.
F. A. Gallup, N. G.
H. M. Choate, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Encampment No. 273 meets the First and Third Wednesdays of each month in I. O. O. F. Hall.
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H. M. Choate, Scribe.

Civilla Rebekah Lodge, No. 56, I. O. O. F. Meets every Monday evening at I. O. O. F. Hall.
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Marie Dunn, Sec'y.

G. A. R.—McKean Post No. 367, meets First and Third Thursday evenings of each month at 7:30 o'clock, in the Odd Fellows Hall.
R. B. Mayo, Com.
H. L. Burlingame, Adjutant.

W. R. C.—Meets Thursday afternoon at A. O. U. W. Hall, Backus Block.
Mrs. Kate L. Wright, Pres't.
Mrs. Rose [illegible], Sec'y.

A. O. U. W.—Smethport Lodge, No. 182, meets second, fourth and last Tuesday evenings of each month in the A. O. U. W. Hall, Backus Block.
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J. C. Gallup, Recorder.

K. O. T. M.—Smethport Tent, No. 9, meets every Saturday evening at 7:30 in A. O. U. W. Hall, Backus Block.
Clinton L. Lyons, Com.
W. H. Morrison, R. K.

L. O. T. M.—Brown Hive, No. 40. Meets in A. O. U. W. Hall, Backus Block, Tuesday afternoons.
Mrs. Anna [illegible] Gifford, Com.
Miss Myrtle Gifford, R. K.

C. M. B. A.—Smethport Branch 31, meets second and fourth Wednesdays of each month at W. C. T. U. hall, Backus block, at 7:30 p. m.
James Lynch, Pres't.
Thomas Clark, Rec. Sec'y.

W. C. T. U.—Meets every Wednesday afternoon at 3 p. m., in the M. E. Chapel.
Miss [illegible], Pres't.
Mrs. M. E. Richmond, Sec'y.

P. H. C.—Smethport Branch, No. 25, meets on First and Third Wednesday evenings of each month in Backus Hall.
R. L. Knapp, Pres.
Mrs. Addie E. Stull, Sec'y.

M. W. A.—Camp No. [illegible]—Meets every Friday evening in H. C. Wells' hall, Wells Block.
T. F. Richmond, V. C.
N. H. Knapp, Clerk.

Churches

Methodist Episcopal—I. T. Walker, D. D., pastor. Class Meeting, Sunday morning at 10 o'clock. Preaching at 10:30 a. m. Sunday School at 11:45 a. m. Junior League at 3 p. m. Epworth League at 6:30 p. m. Preaching at 7:30 p. m. Young converts' meeting Tuesday at 7:30 p. m. General prayer meeting Thursday at 7:30 p. m.

St. Luke's—J. Henry McCandless, Rector. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:45 p. m. Additional service at 8 a. m., except on first Sunday of each month. Sunday school at 9:30 a. m.

All Saints' Memorial Chapel—East Smethport—Rev. J. Henry McCandless, Rector. Divine services every Sunday at 2:45 p.m. Sunday school 4:00 p. m. The Ladies' Guild meets every Friday at [illegible] a. m.

St. Elizabeth Catholic Church—Rev. P. W. O'Brien, pastor. Mass at 11 a.m. Service at 11:30 a. m. Sunday school at 3 p. m. Services on each alternate Sunday at Smethport and Clermont.

Swedish Evangelical Lutheran—P. E. Nordgren, Pastor. Services every alternate Sunday morning at 10:30, and evening services at 7:30. Sunday school every Sunday at 10 o'clock a. m. Week services every alternate Tuesday at 8 o'clock.

Christian—Rev. W. Burrows, Pastor. Services every Sunday morning at 10:30 a. m., 7:30 p. m. Sunday school at 11:30 a. m. Class Meeting, 10 a. m. and after evening preaching. Children's Meeting, Saturday 1:30 p. m. All are invited.

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OPPORTUNITY.

Let her not pass, but grasp her while you may.
Today is yours; tomorrow may not be,
And he who squanders all his time must pay
The bitter penalty. Do we not see
How swift the months and years are slipping by.
While life's battle must be fought and won?
How can we waste a moment, you and I,
When so much lies before us yet undone?
What might have been will pass beyond our ken
If we neglect her, for on golden wing
She quickly leaves us desolate and then
Our faults and failings only sorrow bring.
—Good Housekeeping.

IN THE APPLE ORCHARD

How a Professor Made Love and a Mistake at the Same Time.

Fedora, in her long, white apron and big sun hat, color box and palette in hand, sauntered out into the orchard and sat down under the shade of an apple tree. A light breeze stirred the boughs, on which the sunlight gleamed in great gold patches, and countless song birds darted from limb to limb, making the air vocal with their music.

One plump, red breasted fellow perched himself directly in front of Fedora and with head on one side regarded her intently.

The girl returned his gaze first with amusement, then with interest and finally with sudden inspiration. She selected a crayon from her box and dexterously jotted down a few outlines. Then she consulted the bright bits of color she had placed on her palette and with a sweep here and there of her long paint brush transferred the nucleus of her small feathered observer to a sketch card. She held it up to the light and looked at it critically for a moment, then laid it on the long grass beside her and leaned back against the trunk of the tree, her hands crossed loosely behind her head, her eyes resting in dreamy contemplation on the gleaming fields beyond. Above her the faint rustling of the wind in the leaves drowned the silence. Presently a shadow cut across the glimmering sunlight. Fedora glanced up, and a faint color tinged her cheeks. It was the professor.

"If you are too busy"— he began, looking down at her a little dubiously.

"Oh, no," she broke in quickly, smiling up at him as she spoke. "I am never busy." Fedora prided herself upon that accomplishment. "Do sit down," she went on, with a bright look, pointing to the grassy plot opposite her. The professor hesitated for a moment, then suddenly complied with the request.

"A nice day," he remarked carelessly as he sat down.

"Charming," returned Fedora, surveying him with a smile. It had suddenly dawned upon her that the professor was a singularly good looking man to be so old, almost 40. And in spite of his twoscore years she found herself looking with approval, almost admiration, into his deep, clear eyes, above which the thick masses of brown hair waved back from an intellectual forehead. (All professors have intellectual foreheads.)

"I don't like to interrupt you," he said, with a doubtful glance at the incipient sketch and Fedora's small paint stained fingers, "but there is something I wanted to say," he went on, tugging at his watch charm.

"Really?" She gave a little cough and turned her eyes expectantly upon him.

"It's—it's important," faltered the professor awkwardly, meeting her gaze.

Fedora broke into a little soft laugh, and two dimples came into her face.

"What's the matter?" he said, looking at her in astonishment, a suspicion arising in his mind that he was being treated with unnecessary levity.

"You looked so—so serious," she replied, with such a charming little grimace and a look so profoundly innocent that the professor immediately dismissed his suspicion as unworthy.

"If you don't mind, though," he pursued, a little uneasily, his eyes on her face, "I would rather you would not—that you would be a little serious."

"Yes, certainly," assented Fedora, with alacrity, pulling a straight face, but with a glimmer of a smile showing about her mouth. Then the professor cleared his throat and went on with a slight hesitation:

"I have a proposition." He stopped short and looked at her in a helpless sort of way.

"Ah, I see!" she exclaimed, with a merry laugh. "And you want the—hypothesis?"

"Precisely so," returned the professor, his face brightening. He thought that his task would not be a difficult one with such an appreciative young woman.

"And now to the point," he continued, giving her a serious look.

"A point indicates mere position and has no magnitude," interposed Fedora flippantly.

"I suppose not," replied the professor with slight sternness. "But it is not a problem in geometry this time," he concluded, the glint of a smile hovering about his lips, his voice calm.

"Oh!" exclaimed the girl with wide eyes, as she folded both hands in her lap and fixed upon him a look of grave attention.

He shifted his position a little, pulled at a tuft of grass, then looked across at her with sudden resolution and spoke. "Suppose—that—a—man"—

The professor stopped short and cleared his throat again in a disconcerted sort of way.

Fedora met his gaze with a mischievous smile and chewed the end of her long paint brush.

"Well?" she said, dropping her chin into one small hand.

"That a man is"—

"Yes?"

"Well—in love, you know," he blurted out in desperation, flushing to the brim of his scholarly hat.

Fedora's face was suffused with sudden color, and she gave an inarticulate little murmur quite beyond interpretation.

There was an interval, during which neither spoke for several minutes. The professor was the first to break the pause.

"Madly, terribly, foolishly in love," he said, emphasizing the last adverb as though it included the sum total of human imbecility. Fedora shot at him a glance of bewilderment.

"To think," she said, making a mental observation, "that he could be so violent."

There was another pause. She dug one dainty hand into the soft turf and looked at him shyly out of the corner of her eye. The professor spoke again.

"What do you think of it?" he asked abruptly, his gaze resting upon her face with suppressed eagerness.

"I—don't know." She said it slowly and blushed as she spoke. A mingled expression of doubt and perplexity became visible on the professor's face as he waited for her to go on.

But Fedora remained silent, her eyes resting dreamily upon a little white cloud drifting across the horizon.

The situation was growing awkward. The professor felt that his grasp was slipping away from him and went on, a little anxiously.

"You know about such things—girls generally do. Tell me—what shall I do?"

He toyed nervously with a dead twig as he spoke and searched her face narrowly for encouragement.

Fedora reflected for a moment, then nodded with decision.

"It depends," she said dryly, fixing her eyes upon his with a serious look.

"Yes?" The professor turned to her with a quick smile.

Fedora pondered again, then dropped her eyes half timidly and twisted the corner of her handkerchief.

"On the other one, you know—the girl," she went on, with a soft blush.

The professor gazed at her in silence, his kind eyes full of perplexity.

"Does she care for you?" asked Fedora in a low voice, looking away.

"That's precisely the point," said he, pushing back his hat. "I want to find out."

"Is she pretty?"

"Beautiful!" replied the professor, with enthusiasm. "She has the most magnificent brown eyes in the world and hair—how do they say in novels—like spun gold, that's it," he concluded impulsively, his eyes aglow.

Fedora's cerulean orbs were suddenly misty, and her dusky brown head was averted.

There was silence for a few moments. After a little she leaned forward to pick a flower, her heart throbbing violently, and the color faded from her face.

The professor drew a long breath and sighed. "She doesn't give me any encouragement," he ventured, regarding her with a questioning, half wistful look.

"Perhaps," said Fedora faintly, as if to herself, "she cares for some one else."

The professor stared at her in consternation.

"I never thought of that," he said slowly, dismay stealing into his tones, as his eyes sought hers with an intense look as though searching her inmost soul.

The pause that followed was unbroken for some moments. Finally he spoke.

"I hope you have not made a mistake," he said, rising to go, "because it meant so much to me—everything." He was looking down upon her, and there was something in his eyes she had never seen there before.

"There is only one way to find out," she said, speaking heroically, but with a dreary little smile.

The professor's face brightened. "Well?" said he, almost holding his breath.

The girl did not immediately reply. Something seemed to clutch at her throat.

Presently she lifted her eyes—suspiciously bright—to his and said slowly, her voice half tremulous:

"Just tell her—in a straightforward, manly way that you love her and want a serious answer."

She dropped her eyes suddenly as she encountered his look—not easy to evade.

There was an inaudible stillness. Fedora was looking away like one in a dream, her hands lying cold and passive in her lap.

The sunshine circled about her red brown head in a shimmering rainbow.

The professor looked across at her, his eyes full of unexpected admiration, his hands knotted close together.

After awhile he leaned suddenly toward her and, with a quick movement seized both her hands in his own.

"Fedora, I love you. Will you marry me?"

The girl gave him a swift, startled glance, and the color flamed to her cheeks, while the tears and smiles struggled for mastery.

"But—but my hair is not gold," she exclaimed, with a puzzled little laugh, looking shyly at him, "and my eyes are blue."

"And mine," said he, taking her in his arms, "are color blind."—Chicago News.

Nast, Conkling and Curtis.

It is to be suspected that some of Tom Nast's wittiest work with his marvelous pencil was "printed, not published," was intended simply to gratify his friends and never met the eyes of the general public. Not long ago, in looking over the album of a lady who for years was a social leader at Washington, I came across a contribution of Nast's which was as effective in its way as any of the cartoons which have made his name famous.

He wanted to impress upon the lady that Washington life had been too much for him and did so by drawing a capital full length picture of himself as he appeared walking along the avenue. What gave the picture point and rendered it irresistible was the fact that the back of his head was where his face ought to be—in other words, Washington had turned his head.

I suppose the politicians still recall Roscoe Conkling's famous allusion to the great cartoonist in his Rochester speech "dedicated" to George William Curtis. Mr. Curtis at the time was the editor of Harper's Weekly, a position which he had held for many years. In the course of his philippic Mr. Conkling took occasion to refer to The Weekly, and, although Mr. Curtis sat listening to him, he described it simply as "the paper made famous by the pencil of Nast."—New York Mail and Express.

Tragedies of the Grand Canyon.

Tragic stories are told of men who have lost their lives in the search for precious metals which may lie hidden or uncovered, says Harriet Monroe in The Atlantic. The great primeval flood cut its broad V through all the strata of rock, with all their veins of metallic ore, down to the earliest shapeless mass, leaving in its wake the terraced temples and towers which seem to have been planned by some architect of divinest genius to guard their inaccessible treasures till the end of time. And the river, rising far to the north among mountains rich in mineral, has been washing for ages the sands away and depositing thus gold and silver and lead in the still crevices of the inaccessible chasm.

Here the earth laughs at her human master and bids him find her wealth if he dare and bear it away if he can. A young Californian who accepted the challenge and set forth upon the turgid water to sift its sands for gold never emerged with his hapless men to tell the story of his search. Only near the brink of the cleft are a few miners burrowing for copper and sending their ore up to the rim on the backs of hardy burros, as who should prick the mountain with a pin or measure the ocean with a cup.

Clear Understanding at Start.

Newlywed (after the ceremony)—Do you really think I shall make a good mate, darling?

Mrs. Newlywed—Oh, you're all right. How do you like your captain?—Philadelphia Record.

EVEN SUPPOSE.

Even suppose that I could forget
What you were, I should know you yet;
Even suppose (and my hope is this)
That, bathed in the tides of an exquisite bliss,
Your face has lost, through those cloudless years,
The lines of trouble, the stain of tears,
I shall see it then, as I see it yet,
Even suppose that I could forget.

Even suppose I might choose to be
Friend of an angel, it seems to me
Heart's choice is once, though the flesh forget,
Not knowing why, I should choose you yet,
Even suppose that I could forget.

What will it be that will make you know?
I claimed you once; you are still my own.
A kiss, perhaps, that I left on your cheek—
Where all is spirit, will kisses speak?
Dead or living, I love you yet,
Even suppose that I could forget.
—E. M. Hewitt in Pall Mall Magazine.

THE MILL HAND'S DAUGHTER.

One Touch of Nature Makes the Whole World Kin.

By W. R. ROSE.

He hadn't slept soundly. He rarely slept soundly now. It wasn't his age, surely, he was only 57; and it couldn't be his business affairs, for all his investments were sound and highly remunerative, and his large income was rapidly increasing. No, he must look for the cause elsewhere. Perhaps it would be well to consult a doctor.

He arose and, lighting the gas, looked at his watch. It was half past 4. He went to a window that faced the east and raised the sash. The air came in cool and fragrant. Low down by the faraway ridge streaks of pale light were showing.

"I'll see this sunrise," said Amos Brandon. "I haven't seen one since I was a boy." He hastily dressed himself and bathed his face and hands. "I'll see it from the outside," he added, and softly creeping down the stairway found his hat and opening the great door descended the stone steps that led to the street.

As he faced the east and moved slowly along the avenue he snuffed the air and found it good. He even took off his hat and let it cool his head.

"It certainly seems to me that this is better than tossing on that comfortless mattress," he muttered. "Wonder why I never thought of it before?"

The pale streaks in the east grew broader, a pink flush rose behind the wooded crest, the clouds became hazy. Swiftly the flush deepened, spokes of light were flung upward, and then came the sun.

Amos Brandon walked slowly onward, eagerly watching these magic changes.

"Oh," he said, "that's fine. It's worth the trouble. How many people know anything about it? Precious few. Look at the present audience. One restless, lonely old man and a night watchman or two. What a shame!"

He came to a street intersection and paused and looked at his watch.

"Quarter after 5," he muttered. "No, I'll not go home. I feel like a runaway boy. I'll stroll down to the lake. I don't believe I've really seen the lake in a dozen years."

He walked at a leisurely gait, breathing in the tonicky air and ever and anon turning his gaze on the sun tinted clouds. His eyes were brighter and his step more elastic. He seemed to grow younger as he advanced. Laboring men, swinging their dinner boxes, looked around as they passed him. His was an unusual figure at that early hour. Once he heard a man repeat his name to his companions, and they all stared curiously at him as they passed.

As he came within sight of the lake's blue ripples a girl came across the avenue and turned in on the sidewalk just ahead of him. She was a girl of perhaps 14, rather slender, with a clear olive complexion and thick dark hair. She was neatly dressed, save her shoes, which were dingy and frayed, and in her hand she carried a basket whose contents were concealed beneath a white paper. Amos Brandon quickened his steps a little.

"You are an early riser," he said to the girl. At the moment he was interested in early risers.

"Yes, sir," said the girl, who showed no surprise at his abrupt remark, "I have to rise early to carry my father's breakfast to him. He is a helper at the mills over there." She pointed to a long row of dingy buildings not far ahead.

She spoke well and with a lack of constraint that the old man admired.

"Why doesn't your father come home to his breakfast?" he asked.

"He goes to work at midnight and quits at noon," she answered.

"And how far do you come?"

"About a mile and a half."

She gave him a little nod and turned to cross a vacant field that would save her a few steps. Amos watched her for a moment as she sturdily stepped forward.

"A good little woman, and her father should be proud of her. I hope he is." He sighed softly as he plodded on.

He enjoyed the lake with its dimply surface, and the swash of the little waves as they struck the piling, and the black banner of smoke trailing after a faraway steamer. Presently he turned and strolled over toward the iron mills. Almost in a moment he came upon the girl of the lunch basket. She was sitting on a low pile of boards, and close beside her sat a workingman, bare armed and sinewy; a swarthy man, with small black eyes and a short black beard. He was eating, with evident enjoyment, the breakfast the girl had brought him. Amos Brandon paused at the picture. It pleased him. He nodded smilingly to the girl, who nodded back, and when the swarthy man looked up he nodded to him too. Amos leaned against a pile of lumber.

"Your load will be lighter on the way back," he said to the girl.

"Yes," she answered, "father always has a good appetite."

The swarthy man looked up. He nodded gravely to Amos.

"She good girl," he slowly said. "Come long way."

"Yes," said Amos. "I'm sure she's a good girl."

The swarthy man looked around at the object of his praise. There was fondness in his glance.

"Smart girl, too," he said. "Teacher say smartest girl in English school." He said this with some difficulty, but with evident gratification.

"Oh, father," cried the child, with a swift little blush.

Then the swarthy man's rough voice grew softer.

"She all I got," he said.

"I see," said Amos Brandon.

"Mutter dead, bruder dead, sister dead. Only Lena left." He turned a little and stroked the girl's hand.

Something rose in the rich man's throat, and a mist swam before his eyes.

The swarthy man smilingly looked his child over from hat to shoes. When he reached the shoes, he scowled.

"Bad shoes!" he said. "Bad shoes!"

The girl turned to Amos Brandon.

"Father thinks I should wear my best shoes," she explained. "He doesn't know how fast this walk would wear them out."

"Best shoes," echoed the swarthy man; "yes, yes, best shoes." He looked at Amos Brandon. Then he softly touched the girl's shoulder with a forefinger and struck himself sharply on forearm and chest.

"She what I work for," he smilingly said.

"I must go," remarked Amos Brandon hurriedly. He paused and stepped forward. "I would like to shake hands with you," he said to the swarthy man, who met the advancing fingers with a warm clasp. Amos nodded to the girl and strode away.

There was a cross town car waiting for the signal to start. He caught it and 20 minutes later opened the front door of his home. The housekeeper met him in the hall. Her anxious face cleared.

"Glad you have returned, Mr. Brandon," she said. "We were beginning to worry a little over your unusual absence."

"Out for an early stroll, Mrs. Emerson," he said. "Kindly have breakfast ready in half an hour."

He stepped into the library and opened his desk. For a moment he sat in deep thought. Then he rapidly indited this letter:

> My Dear Mary—I find it is quite impossible to hold out any longer. I am growing old, and I need you, dear child. The door from which I turned you two long, long years ago is open for you and yours. You are all I have in the world, dear. Without you the house is cold and desolate. For what have I been toiling all these years but for you? Come back to me, daughter, and all will be forgiven and forgotten. Tell your husband that a hearty handclasp awaits him. Say to him that I confess that I sorely misjudged him.
>
> Write to me, dear, as soon as you receive this and tell me when to expect you and George. Your affectionate father, AMOS BRANDON.

He looked at the letter when he had finished it and shook his head. Then he carefully read it through. Again he showed his disapproval. After a moment or two he raised the sheet and deliberately tore it to bits of jagged paper and tossed them into the waste basket.

"Pshaw," he smilingly muttered, "that's too slow! I'll hurry down and telegraph Mary that I'm coming for them, and then I'll follow by the first train."

The housekeeper stood in the doorway.

"Breakfast is ready, Mr. Brandon," she announced.

The rich man whirled toward her.

"Mrs. Emerson," he said, "I want you to put Mary's rooms into the nicest possible shape at once."

The housekeeper started.

"Is Miss Mary coming home, sir?" she eagerly asked.

"Yes," said Amos Brandon, "she's coming home."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A MECHANICAL MARVEL.

What Sixty Miles an Hour Means to the Locomotive.

It all sounds simple in the recital. The wonder of the thing comes into view only when one reflects on the speed and nicety with which cumbrous parts are made to do their duty. The piston and connecting bar of a modern locomotive weigh some 600 pounds. When the speed is 60 miles an hour, these parts travel back and forth five times a second. Ten times a second, at the end of every stroke, the piston head is at rest. It must pass from this condition to a velocity of 1,800 feet per minute in one-twentieth of a second. The drive wheels measure more than a rod at every revolution, but when going 60 miles an hour they must turn more than 300 times a minute.

Sixty miles an hour is the merest commonplace to the mind of the up to date railroad man, but it means other things besides those described that are wonderful to the outsider. It means a steam pressure blow of 20 tons on each piston head every tenth of a second. It means that up in the cab the fireman is throwing into the furnace two-thirds of a ton of coal every hour. No. 999 burns coal faster than ten men can mine it. It means two quarts of oil every hour to keep her journal boxes greased and everything running smoothly. It means that the engine with its half dozen cars and load of human freight is moving through space with twice the power of a shot from a 100 ton gun. It means that the engineer has worked her up to the point where she can use every ounce of steam, that he is coaxing her as a jockey urges his mount in a fierce race, and yet it means that he is ready at a second's notice to move the reversing lever and apply the airbrakes that will stop the mighty avalanche within the distance that it covers as it stands on the tracks.—Earl W. Mayo in Ainslee's.

WINGS OF THE HONEYBEE.

A Microscopic View of One of Nature's Wonderful Schemes.

At a meeting of the New York Microscopical society the president of the organization exhibited, besides other things, the honeybee's wing, showing the hooklets by means of which the lower of the two wings of the bee is joined to the upper wing in flying, thus making them practically a single wing. The upper of the two wings is about half an inch in length, the lower a little shorter. The wings come together where they are joined to the body; they are otherwise separate. When the bee goes into its hive, it folds its wings together, one leaf over the other, so that they will take up less room. When it goes abroad, it spreads its wings and couples them together with the hooks.

When looked at under the microscope, the upper edge of the lower wing is seen to be re-enforced as though it had an extra plate or rib stretched along there, and to this rib, spaced apart at regular intervals, though they are all contained within a total space of little more than a quarter of an inch, there are attached 19 or 20 tiny, bony hooks. There is a little thickening at the base of each hook, where nature has strengthened it, and one is inclined to regard the hooks as inset separately and to look for the rivets wherewith they were secured to the plate or rib from which they spring.

The lower edge of the upper wing, as looked at under the microscope, is seen to be curled up into a flange or trough. When the bee comes out of the hive, it hooks the hooks on the upper edge of the lower wing into that flange or trough at the lower edge of the upper wing and so makes the two wings practically one.—New York Sun.

The Best Salve in the World
Is Banner Salve. It is made from a prescription by a world wide known skin specialist and is positively the most healing salve for piles, burns, scalds, ulcers, running sores and all skin diseases. L. K. Hogarth & Co.

J. B. Clark, Peoria, Ill., says "Surgeons wanted to operate on me for piles, but I cured them with DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve." It is infallible for piles and skin diseases. Beware of counterfeits. L. K. Hogarth & Co.

MR. JOSH SIMPKINS ON ETIQUETTE.

I've studied up on etiquette,
Read every book that I could get,
And yet
There isn't one in all the lot
That tells a feller it is not
De rigger to eat pie
For breakfast; hence, why shouldn't I?
And, furthermore, I cannot find
In all the books I call to mind
A single line
That gives a reason worth a whoop
Against a second plate of soup
When fellers dine,
And as for eating marrowfats
Without a spoon I think that that's
A fool-
Ish sort of rule.
When I eat peas,
I'll do as I darn please!
And, what is more, till I'm a snob
I'll eat my corn straight off the cob,
And sparrergrass I'll eat as I
Have always done in days gone by—
A sort of dangling from the sky,
A sort of gift from heaven come,
Held 'twixt my finger and my thumb;
And as for those peculiar things
Called finger bowls I vow, by jings,
I will not use 'em as they say
The bon ton uses 'em today.
If my hands ain't both good and clean,
The pump is where it's always been,
And, far as ever I could see,
It's plenty good enough for me.
I don't stand much on etiquette,
But yet
I'm too polite to wash my paws
At table, spite of social laws.
—Harper's Bazar.

FORGOTTEN

A Tragic Story of the French Revolution.

Some few years after the reign of terror a man of middle age entered a small inn in Germany and called for refreshments. His manners were timid and shrinking, and he looked as if he might just have recovered from some terrible illness, he was so strangely, ghastly pale.

The landlord supplied his wants, and, half curious, half in kindness, he made some remark as to the stranger's appearance, coupling it with the question, "Do you want aught else for your comfort?"

"Nay, nothing," said the pale man hastily. "I have food and light and air; what could I want more?" And he sighed deeply.

"My friend," said the landlord, seating himself, "you speak as if you had known the want of these things. Have I guessed aright?"

His guest looked up. "Would you hear my tale?" he asked. "For years I have kept silence, but today it seems as if it would lighten my heart to speak. Listen and believe if you can. Less than seven years ago I was a gay, light hearted youth in this our quiet fatherland. Having no near relatives, I was led to visit some distant ones who had lived for many years in a small town in France.

"My uncle, as I called him out of friendliness, was a kind, good fellow, well known and respected in the place, where he carried on the craft of a watchmaker, and he proposed that I should become his apprentice and partner. I liked the little town, I liked my uncle, I liked my aunt, and I soon gave my consent. They had no children—I thank God for that now—but my aunt's kindly soul could not be content without young people around her, so she kept and clothed two neighbors. Trim and neat they looked, too, wearing the costume of that part of Germany whence my aunt came—a pretty fancy of her own; it seemed quaint enough in a strange land.

"It was a happy little household. No wonder I was glad to belong to it. But, alas, it was soon to be swept away by terrible affliction. For some time we had heard of strange troubles going on in Paris and the large towns, but our little place was still quiet. One morning, however, we woke to find everything in confusion. Our mayor had been ordered to resign, and his place was to be filled by some one sent from Paris.

"Still, we never dreamed of that fearful misery of which this was the forerunner. We had no time to dream, either, the blow fell so suddenly.

"There had been a stir going on in the market place for the two days following the arrival of the new official, but my uncle and I were busy over a discovery which we had made in our trade, and we were less than usual in the streets. At noon on the third day, however, he went out for a stroll to rest his eyes and look about him for a few moments. My aunt and her maidens arranged as usual the midday meal, and we were all ready to sit down, only my uncle was missing. He was usually so punctual that we dined without him. At the close of the meal I stepped out to look for him.

"I had not got a dozen yards from the house when I met our baker's wife, her eyes starting out of her head. 'Go back,' she said; 'go back; it is too late! The monster! The wretch! He has executed the honest man without even the farce of a trial on his accursed guillotine yonder!'

"I stood petrified with horror. Could she be speaking of my uncle, so respected, so quiet as he was? It was too true. The wretch in office had lost no time, but had begun his work of bloodshed at once, and my uncle was the first victim, his only crime being that he was of foreign birth and had sheltered under his roof some months since a poor Swiss. I retraced my steps to the house. My aunt's anxious face met my troubled gaze. She had begun to suspect evil. The two girls waited fearfully in the background. I tried to speak, but I turned away and burst into tears. I was young then, Master Landlord, and had tears to shed. My aunt passed me by and rushed into the street, straight to the market place. I could not follow. What happened there was told me later.

"Wild with agony at her husband's fate, my gentle, loving aunt had burst into a flood of reproach of his murderer. In these days this was crime enough for the heaviest punishment, and before evening she had shared the same fate as my uncle.

"The reign of terror had indeed begun with us. The girls had fled, terrified at the fate which had befallen their protectors, and I was meditating in a half stupefied way the same measure when a knock came at the door, and two men who had often eaten and drunk at my uncle's table came in and made me a prisoner, confiscating all the possessions of the family to the state.

"In those days a man's foes were often members of his own household. I offered no resistance. The shock of the day had completely unmanned me. I made certain that I, too, should die that night. But my time was not yet come.

"In consequence of the lateness of the hour I was taken to the town prison, a dismal building which I had never known to be occupied. There I was thrust into a deep dungeon and left in total darkness till morning, when I doubted not I should be conducted to the same cruel fate as my poor relatives had met.

"But morning came, as I guessed by the sound without, and still no summons. Worn out with suspense and waiting, I fell asleep. When I awoke, hunger and thirst oppressed me. Happily I had stored some bread and meat and a small bottle of wine in one of the pockets of my coat preparatory to my intended flight. Of this I now ate and drank. No one came nigh me, and yet I could hear sounds as if wretched prisoners were being led forth out of neighboring cells, doubtless to death, for they wept and pleaded—vainly, as it seemed to me.

"But the third day a great stillness fell on the prison. I could not understand it. My senses were enfeebled for want of food, for my small stock had long been exhausted, and I almost lacked strength to wonder why I was left to live so long. Presently arose an awful terror lest this should be my sentence—to perish miserably for want of food in this damp dungeon. Death on the scaffold appeared light by comparison. I clamored at my prison door. I shouted as loudly as I could. All to no purpose! Then I burst into an agony of tears. My fate was too dreadful to bear. With the soft nature of youth I pitied and bemoaned myself sorely. All at once words came into my mind that I had learned years ago as a text in the school, 'Fear thou not, for I am with thee; be not dismayed, for I am thy God.'

"They came like a ray of light into my prison, and I clung to the promise as if it had that moment been made to me by a pitying God. I felt soothed and hopeful, and in this condition I sank back in a doze or swoon.

"How time passed I could not tell; day and night were alike to me in my cell. I woke up to find light and warmth and kindly faces about me. Slowly I regained consciousness enough to understand what they told me. I had lain five days forgotten in my prison. The stillness I had noted the third day was accounted for by the fact that the news had just reached our town of the death of one of the greatest leaders of the revolution and the consequent decline of the party. In fear of his life, our terrorist mayor had fled, and the old mayor, resuming power, had ordered the prison doors to be set open. I in my solitary cell had been forgotten, and but that some one had been sent to examine all the cells and collect the fetters used therein I might have perished miserably. As it was I was carried out perfectly senseless and brought to life with some difficulty.

"I am safe now, as you see, comrade, in my own country, but the anguish of those few days will never be forgotten. I bear about with me in my face the remembrance of it. Daily I thank God for light and air and food, and yet these good gifts of his fail to make my heart rejoice. Still, those dreadful days in the dungeon have given me a firm reliance on his mercy, and I know that I shall one day be joyful again in the city of which the gates are never shut and where there is no darkness."—Exchange.

Got the Correct Time.

Jake Foster was for many years one of the characters of Oregon, Mo. He drove the hack between Oregon and Forest City and was known to every man, woman and child in Holt county. Oregon is three miles from the railroad and for many years was not connected with any other town by either telegraph or telephone. One morning Robert Montgomery hailed Foster as the hack started for Forest City and said:

"Jake, I wish you would get the correct time at Forest. My watch stopped last night."

"All right, Bob," said Jake.

When Jake returned from Forest, he put up his team and walked around to the bank where Montgomery presided. Stalking into the bank, Jake stepped up to the window and laid down a soiled bit of paper bearing the figures "11:17."

"What is that?" asked Montgomery in astonishment.

"That," replied Jake, "is the correct time at Forest."—Omaha World-Herald.

Lungs and Long Life.

One of the most remarkable cases of longevity on record was that of an Englishman, born in 1483, whose delicate appearance made all the doctors give him up when he was in the cradle. His chest was so narrow, says the report, that he seemed to have difficulty in breathing. Well, this young moribund, condemned by the doctors to die in short order, died in 1651 at the age of 169. He saw the reign of ten kings.

Secundi Hango, consul of Venice at Smyrna, measured only 57 centimeters around the chest, and one of his lungs was diseased. Nevertheless he lived to the age of 115 years. He was married five times and had 49 children. When he was 100 years old, he got his wisdom teeth. When he was 110, his hair turned black again. At 112 his eyebrows and his beard turned black.

Proved His Theory.

The late Hall McAllister some years ago entertained a visiting scientist at the Union club, before its amalgamation with the Pacific, and during the evening, a particularly foggy one, made some whimsical remark conveying the idea that fog was an excellent conductor of sound.

The scientist took exception to this novel theory and asked Mr. McAllister on what it was based.

"On phenomena which we have all observed," returned the ready jurist. "On an evening like this we hear the fog horn quite distinctly, but when there is no fog we cannot hear it at all."—San Francisco Argonaut.

What Women Don't Know.

"One of the mistakes of women," said a woman's lecturer the other day, "is in loving too much. They can never make a mistake in loving, but they ought to be careful in picking out the man. They are rather apt to do it on the grab bag principle. Another of the mistakes of woman is not knowing how to rest, and still another is not knowing how to eat. What women don't know about both has built 10,000 hospitals. Consider the way of man and be wise. Women worry too much. They are misers to jollity, and they nearly always die leaving a large account in the Bank of Merriment."

Pain From Nettle Stings.

It has been found that the pain caused by the sting of nettles is due partly to formic acid and partly to a chemical resembling snake poison. Our nettles are comparatively harmless, but in India, Java and elsewhere there are varieties the painful effects of which last weeks and in some cases months, like snake bites.

For Pneumonia.
Dr. C. J. Bishop of Agnew, Mich., says: "I have used Foley's Honey and Tar in three very severe cases of pneumonia the past month with good results." L. K. Hogarth & Co.

"I was nearly dead with dyspepsia, tried doctors, visited mineral springs and grew worse. I used Kodol Dyspepsia Cure. That cured me." It digests what you eat. Cures indigestion, sour stomach, heartburn and all forms of dyspepsia. L. K. Hogarth & Co.

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BURT OLSON,
Editor and Prop'r.

SMETHPORT, THURSDAY, DEC. 28, 1899.

ANNOUNCEMENT.

The MINER is authorized to announce the name of W. P. Beckwith of Farmers Valley as a candidate for supervisor of Keating township, subject to the decision of the Republican caucus.

GENERAL WHITE has telegraphed that he can hold Ladysmith. Well, if she is good looking who wouldn't?

THE New York World says that it will cost the commonwealth over $20,000, besides expenses, to pay the writing expert witnesses in the Molineux poisoning case.

W. C. WATSON of Warren has announced himself as a candidate for delegate to the next Republican national convention from this congressional district.

IN 1896 it was promised that in the event of McKinley's election the railroad from Hazelhurst to Smethport would be built, and also that we would have a glass factory. The railroad has not only been built from Hazelhurst, but is continuing on and promises to be of inestimable benefit to Smethport. As to glass factories well, you all know about that. Who can say that Republican promises are not fulfilled?

QUAY, who was pleading poverty a few weeks ago, in order to create sympathy with the United States Senators and thus gain their votes to seat him in the senate on the governor's appointment, has just purchased a fine homestead in Chester county. This is doing remarkably well for a poor man—a home in Beaver, two fine farms in Lancaster county, a mansion in Washington and a fine fishing resort in San Lucia, Fla. And now this last purchase discloses the fact that he has good credit if he is poor.

FOR over three months last winter and spring M. S. Quay stood knocking at the legislative halls in Harrisburg seeking re election to the United States senate, but without avail. He now stands at the door of the highest legislative hall in the land, seeking admission on Gov. Stone's appointment. But here he is confronted by the constitutions of the state and nation, his own vote on several similar occasions, besides a strong remonstrance of a large majority of the Pennsylvania legislature. Under such circumstances how can any sane man say that he will be admitted?

THE machine in Philadelphia is putting forth every effort to defeat the renomination of Magistrates Jermon and Eisenbrown, the first a Republican and the latter a Democrat, magistrates who have the courage of their convictions and have dared to discharge their duties as such, regardless of where the blow might strike. If the machine succeeds in defeating these two honorable men for renomination, there will be such a shaking up in the city of brotherly love as it never before experienced. They will run independent and if the ballot box stuffers receive their just dues, Jermon and Eisenbrown will be overwhelmingly elected.

THERE are some lightning changes going on in Philadelphia at the present time. In the 13th precinct of the 7th ward, where Deputy Coroner Sam Salter succeeded in having 215 fraudulent votes placed in the election box, is a fair example. When the assessor, last September, made his registration he made a return of about 330 names as residing in the precinct. In his December assessment 186 of the 330 have moved away, all inside of three months. But, strange to say, 178 new voters have moved into this precinct. This is one of the many frauds that will be exposed, all devised to cover up machine rascality. The 12th precinct of the 5th ward is a parallel case only of not such gigantic proportions as the first mentioned.

AT least, there is no dispute that the gold plank in the last Republican platform had the correct weight and fineness.—John Smith in Buffalo Express.

There has been a great deal of dispute as to who introduced the gold plank, but what difference does it make who promulgated the idea, so long as it was for the good of the country at large? All straightforward Republicans are for the good of the nation first and the party second, and the sooner the machine is released from petty machine politicians the better it will be for the party. The party in Pennsylvania to-day is disgraced by one-man power. The greatest Republican state in the union to-day finds itself lowered in the estimation of the people of the United States by the system of bossism that has the Keystone state by the throat. Throw off this bondage of bossism and ballot box stuffers

THE MINER is well pleased to state that Sheriff J. F. Davis will be retained by Sheriff elect W. B. Clarke as deputy. Under Sheriff A. B. Walker Mr. Davis, by his gentlemanly conduct, unswerving honesty and integrity, made a host of friends throughout the county which was clearly demonstrated three years afterwards, when he was a candidate for sheriff. His opponent, Mr. Broder was an old Democratic war horse and the strongest man on the Democratic county ticket, yet in spite of all that Mr. Davis had a plurality of 1943 over Mr. Broder, and Mr. Davis ran only 21 votes behind President McKinley in this county. This will make nine years of continual service in the office—six years as deputy and three years as high sheriff. The MINER desires to congratulate both gentlemen who will occupy the sheriff's office for the next three years. The MINER'S relation with that office has always been most agreeable. The people of the county can rest assured that they will receive the most courteous treatment by its occupants.

WASHINGTON LETTER.

(From our Regular Correspondent.)

WASHINGTON, Dec. 25, 1899.

Christmas was a quiet day at the White House, owing to the absence of children. The President and Mrs. McKinley had Mr. and Mrs. Abner McKinley and two of their nieces for guests and a few personal friends were entertained at a family dinner party. One of the things that added to the President's Christmas enjoyment was a cablegram from Gen. Otis announcing that the ports of Luzon would be opened to commerce on the 1st of January. Nothing could have more forcibly told the improved conditions in the Philippines than this official announcement of Gen. Otis. It means that the rebels are no longer strong enough to interfere with commerce, and that the peaceably inclined residents of the islands have resumed their ordinary avocations. Army officers are much pleased with the prompt response to the appeal for funds for the widow and children of the late Gen. Lawton. More than $11,000 has already been received for the fund. It is also pleasing to officers that Mrs. Lawton has chosen Arlington as the final resting place of the remains of Gen. Lawton. While this sort of thing is gratifying to every patriotic American, it means more to army officers, who devote their time and willingly give their lives to the service of the country, than to others. It is an assurance to them that the country appreciates their bravery and devotion.

President McKinley has positively promised Senator Perkins that he will, unless prevented by official duties, accompany the California delegation in congress, to San Francisco to witness the launching of the battleship Ohio, which is being built in that and will be ready for launching in September or October next.

Dr. T. L. Patterson of Lexington, Ky., who is visiting Washington, says he is a Democrat, but not the Goebel kind and that the party will never get back its control of that state with such leaders as Goebel. He doesn't think the Goebel contest before the legislature, will amount to much. He said of it: "It is the last expiring bluff of a defeated candidate. I verily believe that a fair count would have shown that Taylor beat Goebel by 30,000 votes. The legislature, though containing a Democratic majority, is cognizant of this and will not outrage public sentiment by giving the seat to a man who, with all the cheating practiced by his partisans, failed to get a plurality of the votes."

The Navy Department intends to establish a school for studying and experimenting with wireless telegraphy, without regard to the system of Marconi, who charged $10,000 down and 10,000 a year for the use of twenty sets of his instruments for sending and receiving messages. Naval officers consider his charges out of all proportion with the value of such portions of his apparatus as were covered by patent, and that it would be better as well as more economical for the government to go ahead on its own hook. This is on all fours with common sense, as Marconi's system is far from perfect at this time.

New York is fortunate in having two men, either of whom would be perfectly acceptable to the Republican leaders as the nominee for Vice President on the ticket with President McKinley. These two men are Secretary Root and ex-Secretary Bliss, both of whom have proved their ability as members of President McKinley's cabinet. Secretary Root had the advantage of being first mentioned for the place at a recent meeting of the Republican national committee, but since Mr. Bliss has been mentioned, the opinion is practically unanimous among prominent Republicans in Washington, including Senator Hanna, who had previously expressed a preference for Secretary Root, that either of them, presented to the Philadelphia convention by the New York delegation could be nominated by acclamation as President McKinley will be. It is the settled purpose of the Republican leaders to have the Vice President nominated by acclamation, and the New York delegation has only to act as a unit to secure the nomination of either of the gentlemen named.

A sub committee remained in Washington to take the testimony of additional witnesses, summoned from Utah in the Roberts case, but so far, the expected witnesses have not reported. The polygamy of Roberts is regarded as having been fully proven by witnesses already heard, and the expectation is that the committee will make its report to the house within a week of the reassembling of congress and that it will be against Roberts.

The Populists are preparing to head off the Democratic movement, led by ex-Senator Gorman, to prevent the nomination of Mr. Bryan, by holding a national convention ahead of the Democratic convention, and nominating Mr. Bryan. The so-called silver Republicans are co-operating with the Populists in this move.

THE unfairness of the Quay papers in the state was only too clearly demonstrated last Friday when one of them came out in heavy scare head lines announcing that a "leading anti Quay representative is charged with embezzlement" and prints his picture at the top of the column on the front page. Then it devotes about two columns of space describing this wonderful peculation of $1,200 as deputy tax collector. How eager these machine papers are to secure anything that smatters of wrong against a man who dares to say aught against Quay. If this man is guilty let him be punished to the full extent of the law. The MINER said the same in the case of State Senator William Flinn, but Judge White, one of the most honorable and able jurists in Pittsburg, has decided against the city and Flinn goes free, and that attempted hold up by one man power has fallen flat. The chances are that the embezzlement case in Philadelphia will end likewise. On the other hand, the corruption and fraud, disclosed in Philadelphia, since the November election, of repeating, ballot box stuffing and jury bribing of which incontrovertable evidence has been presented these machine papers have been almost as silent as the tomb. When a newspaper becomes so tied down to one man power that it will leave its readers in the dark on matters so important as those disclosed in Philadelphia, it ought to be thrown on the refuse pile without being opened.

The MINER and Tribune $1.25.

FILIPINO SYMPATHY.

The following letter which was read by Hon. John Barrett, late minister to Siam, before the New England Society in New York City last Friday, seems like a message from the dead. It was a letter received by the speaker from the brave soldier, General H. W. Lawton, written a short time before he was shot down by a Filipino bullet while on the field of battle.

This copperhead sympathy in the United States for the Filipinos has caused the death of many brave soldiers in the United States service. Let them read the words of the brave soldier, Lawton, and then reflect on what they have done.

The copperhead sympathy in the North, during the civil war, caused the death of hundreds of thousands of brave men on both sides of the question. Will history repeat itself and this uncalled for sympathy in the present war for those who were themselves the aggressors continue and cause our soldiers to be slaughtered? Read Lawton's letter and cease sympathizing.

"I would to God that the truth of this whole Philippine situation could be known by everyone in America as I know it. If the real history, inspiration and conditions of this insurrection, and the influences local and external that now encourage the enemy, as well as the actual possibilities of these islands and peoples and their relations to this great East, could be understood at home, we would hear no more talk of unjust "shooting of Government" into the Filipinos, or of hauling down our flag in the Philippines. If the so called anti-imperialists would honestly ascertain the truth on the ground and not in distant America they, whom I believe to be honest men misinformed, would be convinced of the error of their statements and conclusions and of the unfortunate effect of their publications here.

"If I am shot by a Filipino bullet it might as well come from one of my own men, because I know from observations confirmed by captured prisoners that the continuance of fighting is chiefly due to reports that are sent out from America."

EASY LIFE IN NICARAGUA.

When the Family Is Broke, the Wife Digs a Little Gold.

"When I was in the Olancho district, in Nicaragua," said a visitor who is largely interested in mining in Central America, "I had an opportunity of seeing how the lazy natives tap nature's till when they need some small change.

"Near our camp by the river was a hut occupied by a typical Honduranian family, consisting of husband and wife, grandfather and grandmother and a dozen or so of assorted children. The only one of the crowd who did anything except rest and smoke was the wife. At intervals of perhaps a week she would sally out with the family tinpan, erstwhile used for cooking, and proceed to an old placer digging on the river bank. There she would squat, throw a few gourdfuls of dirt into the pan, fill it with water and begin the usual circular motion of gold washing.

"She was very skillful and would keep a little sheet of dirty water spraying over the edge like a miniature cataract. When the water was exhausted, a few spoonfuls of sand would be left in the bottom of the pan, and, spreading it out thin with a bit of stick, she would go over it grain by grain, looking for 'color.' Whenever she saw a speck of gold she moistened the stick on her tongue and picked up the particle by adhesion. Each bit of the precious metal was stored away in a quill, plugged with clay at the ends, and I have known her to take out as much as a quarter of an ounce in the course of one day.

"Usually her limit was about $2, and when she got that she stopped. Then the head of the house would arise languidly and start for the nearest store, 12 miles away. Sometimes he would trade the whole amount for whisky; but, as a rule, he brought back tobacco, salt, meal or calico.

"There are hundreds of native families who live in exactly that manner in Olancho. Sometimes the woman will be lucky enough to strike a rich pocket that will yield a dollar or more a pan, but they never dream of washing it out at once and getting a stake. It simply means that they can secure their usual amount with less work."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

NO "PROPERTY" ESCAPES.

Some Queer Things to Be Seen In a Chinese Theater.

Over the audience rests a settled, immovable stillness, unbroken even by a sigh. No expression referable to sorrow, sympathy, joy or tears lightens the blank, dead wall of the faces. The Chinaman is impregnable. Only once do his eyes change, and that is while the property man is on the stage, and he is never off it.

The Chinese property man sees his duty to the management and puts it into practical effect. No "property" shall escape him. He gathers all things by the way. When the Chinese Romeo slays Tybalt, the property man steps on to the stage, gathers up Tybalt's sword, cap and cloak and things and walks off with them. He would enter Macbeth's banquet hall while that weak kneed monarch was exercising Banquo's ghost, gather up the goblets and plates in one arm and Macbeth's chair with the other and carry them away. He would pluck the roses from Elaine's breast; he would take the dagger from Juliet's dead hand; he would interrupt Hamlet's soliloquy in the churchyard with a request for Yorick's skull; and he would interpose in the murder of Desdemona to remove the pillows from her bed.—Saqui Smith in Leslie's Weekly.

London's Great Clock.

Whatever complaints may be made against the tone of Big Ben, the famous London clock—and musicians say it is a terribly bad "E," at any rate—every one will acknowledge that the clock in the house of commons tower is a wonderful timekeeper, not varying a second in time all the year through. The mechanism for setting in motion the massive hammer which brings out the tone of Big Ben's 16 ton bell is very interesting. The striking machinery is driven by weights of about a ton and a half, which hang on a shaft 174 feet deep, and it is so arranged that after the chimes are over the hammer falls on the big bell within one second of Greenwich mean time.

His "Dear Old Jim."

"Corbett is my friend and benefactor," says Mr. Jeffries. "I was once his sparring partner, and he treated me as a gentleman. Hence I have gladly agreed to fight him as a return for favors. I am bound by all the ties of friendship and gratitude to give him a chance to fight me." Was there ever such a touching instance of devotion? Mr. Jeffries will reward his old patron and benefactor by beating him into pulp and knocking his head off. One can fancy him saying, as he puts his terrible right into his friend's ribs, "Dear old Jim!"—Kansas City Star.

L. K. Hogarth & Co. have about 50 beautiful gold fish for sale. They are beauts and no mistake. Come early and secure first choice.

DO YOU KNOW that Holmes & Gillies have the lumber, hardware, paint and EVERYTHING to build a house.

Subscribe for the MINER.

HUMAN BRAIN CELLS.

THEY REFUSE TO WORK UNDER TOO HIGH A PRESSURE.

Put on Too Much Steam and These Minute Organisms Go on Strike. Why Men Go Crazy or Become Absentminded.

Keeping pace with scientific thought and progress certain problems which in the past have been shelved for want of light being thrown upon them have been taken up again one by one to undergo further examination by the aid of improved science.

The newest revelation in this direction tends to the science of the mind and includes the following problems:

Why does a man act queerly when he is intoxicated?

Why is a man absentminded on occasions?

Why does a man sometimes become violently insane, often a dangerous, raving lunatic?

Such questions as these have puzzled our immediate fathers, who have hardly ever satisfactorily explained them away or indeed thrown much reliable light upon them. The human brain is composed of cells, and each cell is a simple bit of nerve substance, from one end of which, like an octopus, spring a number of tentacles, while from another part arises an arm different from them and of great length. The long arm is intended for transmitting impressions from one portion of the brain system to another, it being made to touch the tentacles or short arms of the next one to it, the latter in its turn effecting contact with a third cell, and so on.

Thus a message is conveyed and the mind gets its news. The entire brain is made up of these cells, whose number is legion and whose full strength is grouped in systems, these systems in turn being arranged in communities, the communities in clusters and finally the clusters in constellations, by which divisions they are known to physiologists.

So long as the mind is in a healthy condition each little cell, or brain octopus, attends to its business faithfully and gives no trouble, but as man generally is an animal who usually refuses to live the life spanned out by nature and adopts instead the life laid down by the modern artificial process of living, instituted forsooth by civilization, mental disturbances frequently arise through the brain becoming abused in various ways, from overwork and alcohol principally.

Your octopuslike brain cell is a living little thing, and it can endure a great deal of abuse from you, but if you should go a little too far it rebels and refuses to work any longer by breaking contact with its companion cells, which it can do by withdrawing its long arm and getting itself out of circuit. But this rebellion is conducted by whole groups of cells acting together in full harmony.

Now, the object of this "strike" is simply to avoid overwork, for each tiny cell has stored within its minute space only a certain amount of energy, but if you put on the high pressure this is easily consumed by the operation of the brain, and the organism breaks down from exhaustion. Now, take the first of the problems just stated. When a person takes too much to drink, the cells in those patches of the brain that are responsible for the conduct of muscular movement become affected and the man staggers.

When the dose is very large, the cells, which, although stupefied, have tried to keep their master on his legs, now cease working, and the man sleeps like one dead. Finally, if more than enough of alcoholic drink be taken, the effect on the cells is to paralyze them, and the unfortunate man dies.

There is some relation between extraordinary activity of the mind and insanity. Geniuses are apt to exhibit symptoms of mental alienation, and, singular to relate, their children are usually inferior to those of average men.

For instance, not to go out of England for example, Cromwell was a hypochondriac and had visions, Dean Swift inherited insanity and was himself not a little mad, Shelley was called by his friends "Mad Shelley," Charles Lamb went crazy, Johnson was another hypochondriac, Coleridge was a morbid maniac, Milton was of a morbid turn of mind, nearly approaching insanity (modern ideas of hades are largely formed on the description evolved by his diseased imagination), and Byron said he was visited by ghosts.

This mental alienation occurring in the foregoing cases shows that certain specific groups of brain cells have come under the baneful influence of the guiding spirit called talent or genius, which has used up all the energy stored in each cell and each group of cells, to the detriment of the whole, with the result that their ceasing work has brought about various types of insanity as depicted or, to phrase it more softly, induced disturbance of the mental equilibrium.

The remaining problem is absentmindedness. This is produced by a temporary disjunction of certain groups of cells. A man becomes so absorbed in his study of some particular subject and lends his whole mind to thought that the hard thinking disorganizes the groups of cells employed in the process of reflection, their tentacles being turned all one way, to the detriment of mental action generally, and so the man with the tentacles of his brain cells turned in the one direction passes along the streets lost to all observation or mental inception and does all manner of queer things because he is not conscious of what he is doing.—Pearson's Magazine.

Filial Love.

That's a pathetic story of the Gourdon fishing boat crew. No class of men face death more frequently than the hardy fisher toilers of the sea, and among none is a genuine heroism more frequently displayed.

The Gourdon boat was manned by a father and his four sons. When the boat sank, three of the latter went with her. The old man got an oar, and soon the fourth son appeared by his side. But the oar could only support one, and the lad, taking in the situation at once, bade his parent farewell in the words, "Weel, weel, faither; I maun jist awa'," and sank.

Only readers familiar with the northern dialect will fully appreciate the depth of kindly resignation and true feeling which the words denote. The father endured terrible sufferings, but was ultimately picked up. "Greater love hath no man than this."—Westminster Gazette.

A Natural Cross.

One of the most beautiful natural rock carvings in the world is the Southern Cross, on the island of Grand Manan, in the bay of Fundy. It stands at the head of a ledge of rocks jutting into the bay from the foot of one of the immense cliffs at the southern end of the Grand Manan. Its shape is that of an almost perfect cross.

Miss Annie E. Gunning, Tyre, Mich., says: "I suffered a long time from dyspepsia; lost flesh and became very weak. Kodol Dyspepsia Cure completely cured me." It digests what you eat and cures all forms of stomach trouble. It never fails to give immediate relief in the worst cases. L. K. Hogarth & Co.

It takes but a minute to overcome tickling in the throat and to stop a cough by the use of One Minute Cough Cure. This remedy quickly cures all forms of throat and lung troubles. Harmless and pleasant to take. It prevents consumption. A famous specific for grippe and its after effects. L. K. Hogarth & Co.

LAYING UP A COMPETENCE.

Something That Practically Any Man Can Do Through Self Denial.

"There are some men of genius," said Mr. Nippingly, "who accumulate great fortunes by great strokes, but by far the greater number of fortunes, including those of moderate dimensions, and these form the great majority of all, are made by the very simple process of living within one's income and investing the surplus, with more or less wisdom, but always where it will be safe.

"The older I grow the more amazed I am that more people don't lay up a competence for themselves, as most anybody can do by beginning early in life to live within their income and sticking to that course faithfully. Did I do this myself? No. Am I, however, having learned the wisdom of this course, now making a beginning? I am obliged to say 'No.' I am still spending all I get and laying by nothing.

"There are some lessons that we all easily acquire, but never turn to our own advantage. One of these is of the benefits that arise from the exercise of self denial. We get from this at once the direct benefit of what we saver and self denial nourishes, strengthens and broadens the will and enables a man constantly to do and to earn more and more.

"There's simply nothing like self denial. It is the key to every one of life's treasures, and everybody has one of those golden keys in his possession, eager to help him and waiting only for him to bring it in use."—New York Sun.

An Amazed Woman.

A woman who had an Arabic glass cup of the fourteenth century and did not know its value took it to the British museum. After due consideration the expert, to her surprise, said that, though the museum did not want it, it might be worth $2,000. The woman shuddered, because she had been carrying it in a crowded London omnibus a bit of glass worth so much money and it had miraculously escaped smashing.

Finally, wanting money more than Arabian glass, she sent the object to an auctioneer's. Fancy her amazement when, starting at $2,500, the Arabic cup went by leaps and bounds and was finally knocked down for the nice sum of $8,500.

Actually the Arabic cup was worth very much less, but it so happened that there were two rivals at the auction, who bid against each other.—China, Glass and Lamps.

As a cure for rheumatism Chamberlain's Pain Balm is gaining a wide reputation. D. B. Johnston of Richmond, Ind., has been troubled with that ailment since 1862. In speaking of it he says: "I never found anything that would relieve me until I used Chamberlain's Pain Balm. It acts like magic with me. My foot was swollen and paining me very much, but one good application of Pain Balm relieved me." For sale by L. K. Hogarth & Co.

The finest of room moulding 50 varieties to select from. Call on L. Koch, Water street.

SMALL AND BIG BOYS'

Reefers and Overcoats. Man Styles at Dependable Prices.

Men's Overcoats.

Stylish Top Coats of Handsome Grey Friezes and Coverts, $10 to $20. Other good kinds from $5 upwards. Best values obtainable anywhere.

Holiday Neckwear

Can be selected now—a splendid stock ready to pick from—50 cents to $1 50.

GREENEWALD'S

Leading Modern Clothiers,
124 Main St. BRADFORD, PA.

Notice of Incorporation.

NOTICE is hereby given that an application will be made to the Governor of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania on Friday, January 12th, 1900, by Robert Osgood, Clarence A. Kocker, John E. Keeney, Z. T. Weltz and J. W. Bouton, under the Act of Assembly of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania entitled "an act to provide for the incorporation and regulation of certain corporations" approved April 29th, 1874, and the supplements thereto for the charter of an intended corporation to be called "Smethport Extract Company," the character and object of which is the manufacturing and dealing in tanning extracts and tanning materials, and the buying and selling of commodities from which such tanning extracts and tanning materials are manufactured, and for these purposes to have, possess and enjoy all the rights, benefits and privileges of the said Act of Assembly and its supplements.

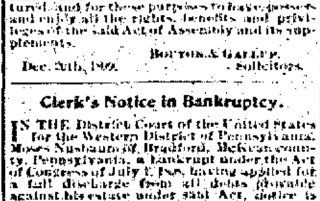
BOUTON & GALLUP,
Dec. 20th, 1899. Solicitors.

Clerk's Notice in Bankruptcy.

IN THE District Court of the United States for the Western District of Pennsylvania, Moses Nusbaum of Bradford, McKean county, Pennsylvania, a bankrupt under the Act of Congress of July 1, 1898, having applied for a full discharge from all debts provable against his estate under said Act, notice is hereby given to all known creditors and other persons in interest, to appear before the said Court at Pittsburg, in said District, on the 13th day of January, 1900, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any they have, why the prayer of the said petitioner should not be granted.

WILLIAM T. LINDSEY, Clerk.

New Term
AT THE
Rochester Business Institute
ROCHESTER, N. Y.
Business, Shorthand, and English Courses.



EMIL THAMM,
TAXIDERMIST.
Birds and Animals finely Stuffed and Mounted.
Manufacturer of Fine Cigars.
SMOKE
Spanish Statesman
[illegible]
J. A. HOLDER, Sole Agent.

Olean's Big Store.
HEADQUARTERS FOR CARPETS.

CHRISTMAS GOODS
ARE NOW ON SALE.

The showing is very attractive both in price and style. The line of novelties in new pictures at 25c, 29c, 35c, 50c and up contains all the popular subjects.

6 genuine Water Colors 20x24 inch, $4. 6 genuine Water Colors 20x36 inch, $7. These are all framed in best gilt moulding and wortth more money.

Large line of subjects, Madonas, St. Cecelias, &c , with square and oval back frames at 29c and 50c. Big line Celluloid pictures with oval brasss frames and easel for 25c. New styles in small brass and wood frames, 15c to $3.

We frame pictures to order, any size, shape or style.

The Holiday Furniture will surely interest you. We have all that's new, and our prices are in your favor. Let us suggest a few things:

BOOK CASES COMBINATION CASES BRASS OR IRON BEDSTEADS
CHAIRS WRITING DESKS ODD DRESSERS
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SIDE BOARDS OFFICE DESKS COUCHES
OFFICE CHAIRS CHIFFONIERS ODD CHAIRS AND DIVANS
MORRIS CHAIRS DRAPERIES DAVENPORT SOFAS
LEATHER CHAIRS RUGS CARPETS
LEATHER COUCHES WALL PAPERS CARPET SWEEPERS

in fact anything and everything for the home. We carefully pack and pay freight on all goods. It will pay you to come to Olean and trade with us. You can more than save your car fare.

ANDREWS & CONKLING.

SHOES
THE BEST
CHEAPEST
FOR LADIES
GENTLEMEN
CHILDREN
CALL AND SEE
W. T. SEGER,
REILLY BLOCK. SMETHPORT, PA.

OL' MAN RACKET
haz a fu
Chois Bargins for Saturday Only.

10 cakes Santa Claus or Dingman's Gipsy soap for 25c. Parlor mitches 10c doz; tha R worth 2-da anywhere 15 & 25c doz.

S da [illegible] hr clox $2; thes clox sel on instalment plan at $6; now iz your time. Mrs Potts' sad iron handles 10c, not 25 or 30c as sum of U hav paid; also set Mrs Potts' best nickld sad irons stand and handle $1.15. These same goods will cost U to-day in this town $1.40 & $1.50 set.

Men's extra heavy felts and rubbers $2.25 & $2.75, also 100 pair hand turned shoes slightly soiled made to sel at $2.50 to $3.75, sizes mostly 1 to 3, tha go 2-da at 80c pair—a chans U don't often get. Also 50 pair slippers, small sizes 1 to 3, made 2 sel at $1.25 & $1.75, your chois at 50c pair.

Onions 2-da at 60c bu. Potatoes at 45c bu.

Chois buckwheat flour, 3c lb, U al pa 4c, don't U ? Snow Bird flour 75c, will make good sweet bread but wil B dark. Also Scouller's Best and Patent, 2 of the best flours made, at $1.15.

Do U need pantz overalls or storm coat? We can sav U money on thes goods. Do U need iron or wood beds, dining room chairs, mattresses or any houshold goods? Giv us a call, we hav only one price for U all.

If U need earthen ware now iz the time 2 buy. Manufacturers advance prices after Jan. 1st.

20c bottles of pickles go at 10c, 10c bottles of catsup 5c, also 10c oil cans for 5c each. 20c bottles bottles of Smith Bros.' best lemon or vanilla xtrax 10c.

Sardines 4c can. 10c bottles of best sowing machine oil go at 5c.

Kum early & avoid the rush. Only 3 of thos $2.50 oil paintings left. Sat. tha go at 75c. 2 larg $6 pictures go at $2 each.

5-inch elbows 5c, 7-inch 10c. Thes goods sells anywher at 25 & 35c. Go devils 2-da 13c lb. Heavy tin wash bilers 90c & $1, best heavy copper $2.45 and $2.65. Nickld T & coffee pots 75c and $1. Tea kettle $1.25. Thez figs R less than U can purchase for in any other place in town. If I did not slash the prices 2 the last cent I would not keep up my reputashun of being the old price fighter Racket. We must hav your trade & cash, & also have U pleased with your purchases. Remember U can get back your cash or exchange on any goods U buy.

Remember we sel the J B. Lewis shoes; boys', men's and ladies, work & dress shoes; & we do not charg U fancy prices either.

We keep furniture stains and paints, enamels, etc. Also the best hous paints and floor paints.

A. E. STICKLES,
Sprague Block. Smethport, Penna.

SPECHT & SASSE,
THE OLD RELIABLE
FURNITURE DEALERS.
Are better prepared than ever to fill your wants in their line. Their stock is full and complete. Their prices at rock bottom.
Do not fail to give them a call.
UNDERTAKING IN ALL ITS BRANCHES.

WE SELL DINNER SETS
BY THE PIECE.

Many of our best dinner sets are now purchased in "open stock" patterns for the convenience of those who wish to buy in installments.

You can get one piece or a dozen, and match them at any time. Many of our customers are doing this, and they are gradually completing sets better than they might ever have afforded otherwise. Sets at all prices in this way.

We carry one hundred styles of dinner sets, all sold under warrant not to craze. All Haviland's latest styles are here. All imported china comes to us direct from the makers. In this way we save a large percentage for you.

Dinner Sets from $6 75 to $250.

Housekeepers' Helps.

There is everything here that can help a housekeeper—perhaps a hundred helpful articles that you know nothing about.

The Universal Food Chopper is one—$1.75. It chops all kinds of meat, vegetables or fruit, fine or coarse, without mashing. It does in a minute the work of half an hour with chopping knife and bowl.

Four kinds of enameled ware—Aluminum ware. Every convenience on the market.

Reliable Gas Ranges.

There is no other gas range that even compares with the Reliable. Come and we will show you twenty points in which it excells all otners.

We know this range because we have sold it for years—sold hundreds of them. There has never yet been the least complaint on one.

It excells in economy, in convenience, in baking qualities. It is superior at every point which wise buyers consider. We cannot tell you here what we can show you when you come. We can only invite you on the promise that you will be glad you came.

Forty-five styles from $13.50 up.

L. EMERY, JR., & CO.,
Emery & Weaver. BRADFORD, PA.

NEW GOODS
at store of
D. C. YOUNG.
FOR MID-WINTER TRADE.
Please call and examine same, also note reduction in prices of many things preparatory to taking an inventory of stock.
D. C. YOUNG.
SMETHPORT, PA.
Dec 26, 1899.

H. C. WELLS,
the popular druggist, is at home now in his new and beautiful store, and welcomes his old and new patrons to the
WELLS BLOCK,
where he is dispensing Drugs, Patent Medicines, Toilet Articles, Stationery, Tobaccos and Cigars of the best qualities. This is a good place to visit while in
Smethport, Penn'a.

STOP! READ! and REFLECT
And then go to
BROWNELL BROTHERS,
Where you will find a carefully and well selected stock of
DRY GOODS, NOTIONS,
FURNISHING GOODS,
HATS, CAPS, BOOTS and SHOES.
AND A CHOICE LINE OF THE
FINEST GROCERIES
TO BE FOUND IN TOWN AT
ROCK-BOTTOM PRICES.

New Year's Return Gifts

1/3 OFF.

To wind up our Holiday stock we make the above cut on a few desirable things left over.

F. G. Lindholm & Co.
Dry Goods, Groceries, Shoes,
Smethport, Pa.

Mail orders carefully executed.

How's Your Frame of mind, concerning pictures? You should preserve your present likeness for coming years, if nothing else. The latest and best effects always to be found at "Ike's" studio.

Have You Any Pictures That need framing? You can find a full assortment of styles moulding, &c., of the latest design here. A nice frame beautifies and preserves a picture. Come and look them over.

"IKE" GLEASON, The Photographer, Smethport, Pa.

THE
Big Store,
HAMLIN'S
Hardware & Crockery.

McKean County Miner

Entered at the postoffice at Smethport as second-class mail matter.

SMETHPORT, THURSDAY, DEC. 28, 1899.

SMETHPORT, PA.

Smethport, McKean county, Penn'a, is located in one of the richest agricultural districts in northwestern Pennsylvania, only 87 miles from Buffalo, N. Y., and 150 miles—air line—from Pittsburg, Pa.

Smethport has four lines of railroad leading direct to all the principal distributing centres, both east and west, and the great lakes.

Cheap fuel of all kinds in abundance.

In the centre of the largest and best natural gas belt in the state.

Cheap fuel oil in vast quantities.

Within six miles of large bituminous coal beds, and, on a direct line of railroad, within 30 miles of the famous Shawmut bituminous coal mines in Elk county.

Endless quantities of the best glass sandstone in the world.

Mountains of shale rock suitable for brick making.

Building stone and flagging in abundance, which can be secured cheaply.

Endless quantities of hardwood lumber, such as beech, maple, birch, elm, ash, etc.

Smethport is the county seat of McKean county, one of the richest counties in the Keystone state, contains a population at the present time of about 2,000, and is growing rapidly, has elegant public buildings, a first-class graded school, city water, natural gas for fuel and lights, four first-class hotels, and the principal industries at the present time are lumbering, two large window glass manufacturing plants, besides bark extract works, Backus Safety Chuck & Hook Manufacturing Co.'s plant, with a number of other industries.

Smethport has always been considered one of the healthiest towns in the State. Contagious diseases are strangers to the town. Being located 1440 feet above the sea level the town is singularly exempted from all diseases of a contagious nature. Prospect Hill, one of the most sightly spots in the state, and probably the highest elevated point in Pennsylvania, is only three miles from the business part of the town, which affords a grand view of the finest mountain scenery to be found anywhere in America.

The borough of Smethport is located at the junction of Nunundah and Marvin creek valleys, these streams furnishing an abundance of water for all purposes.

Smethport contains many admirable sites for manufacturing plants of all descriptions.

For further particulars call on or address Smethport Board of Trade, Smethport, Pa.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—Bring in your job work.

—See Hamlin's hardware ad.

—Kinzua expects to secure a new paper mill.

—Now make preparations to turn over a new leaf.

—William Holden has been appointed postmaster at Portville.

—Mrs. E. M. Kerns has been granted a pension of $12 per month.

—Camp glass works started up at 8 o'clock Wednesday morning.

—Aguinaldo is now a widower, his wife having died a few days since.

—J. Colegrove offers bargains in odds and ends this week. Read the ad.

—Insure your happiness for the coming year by paying your subscription now.

—A large delegation went to Bradford last Thursday night to attend the boxing carnival.

—Rev. C. W. Hamilton will preach at the Baptist parsonage next Sunday at 10:30 a. m.

—Attend the meeting of the Athletic Club at the hose house to-night. Election of officers.

—Christmas proved to be white after all, in spite of the predictions of some of our exchanges.

—The Buffalo Sunday Express for the last two issues before Christmas was exceptionally fine.

—Last Friday Jones & Church had a ton of poultry hanging up in their meat market, and it went like hot cakes.

—Uncle Sam and old Santa Claus had a very busy time during Christmas, but for all that they seemed to enjoy it.

—It is reported that the Olean Street Railway Company will extend their trolley line to Bolivar in the near future.

—Mr. and Mrs. Will Cruthers of Crosby are entertaining a little girl baby, who arrived at their home on Sunday last.

—Our pleasant town again presents its natural look, with so many bright young faces home from school for the holidays.

—D. C. Young is in the city this week buying new goods for mid-winter trade. Read his new advertisement and give him a call.

—The story in the last number of Harper's Weekly describing the imaginary capture of Aguinaldo is finely portrayed and is very interesting reading.

—It has been figured out that a snail is much slower than has been supposed. When a snail humps himself and puts forth his best efforts he will cover a mile in fourteen days.

—Last Saturday Millie Eaton Cullen of East Smethport fell and broke her collar bone. Dr. Ostrander was in attendance.

—F. G. Lindholm & Co. advertise a third off on all holiday goods left over. Read their advertisement and call on them.

—Beginning with the new year the MINER will adopt the rule of monthly collections, instead of quarterly for advertising.

—The Smethport Glass Company commenced blowing glass at 1 o'clock Tuesday morning, after a few days' shut down.

—Quite a number scraped an acquaintance with Tom and Jerry last Monday, and in consequence suffered by the intercourse.

—An incipient blaze was discovered in the laundry of the Wright House about 4 o'clock yesterday afternoon. It was put out without sounding the fire alarm.

—Next Monday the figure eight will drop out of the place it has held for one hundred years, and will not regain its lost position until 1,000 years have passed.

—Remember the Farmers' Institute January 26 and 27. Make preparations to attend and bring your wife and little ones. It will be time and money well invested.

—The Clarion State Normal School affords the best training for teachers. Among the most successful college students have received their preparatory training at Clarion.

—Mr. and Mrs. S. E. Bell entertained a large party of young people at whist last Friday evening. An elegant lunch was served and a most enjoyable evening was spent.

—Camp Hose Company's dance at the hose house last Monday night was quite well attended and all seemed to enjoy themselves although the night was cold and stormy.

—Mr. and Mrs. Joe Mills of Mill street are entertaining a little girl who would have been a Christmas present but was delayed by the blizzard and did not arrive until Tuesday morning.

—It is reported that R. K. Golding and Will Collinge have purchased the Kane Republican. If such should prove to be the case the MINER desires to offer congratulations to the new firm.

—Last Saturday the carpenters on the Baptist church completed their work. The plasterers will complete their work ere long. Rev. Ware states that they expect to have the church completed some time in February.

—An exchange says that Chuck Winters of Sodus Point, N. Y., a tough character, experienced religion and made such a confession that himself and relatives were jailed on the charge of robbery. Let the good work go on.

—There were four who appeared at sunrise court on Tuesday morning charged with being drunk and disorderly. Two paid their fines while the other two were sent to the bastile, one for 20 days and the other for 18 hours.

—The P. H. C. elected officers last night. C. M. Colegrove was elected president and Miss Eve Thorn secretary. This society seems to be in a very flourishing condition, as new members are coming in continually.

—Last Saturday at the home of ye editor, at 7:30 o'clock p. m., Rev. Dr. L. T. Walker joined in wedlock Mr. J. F. Meyers of Rochester, N. Y., and Miss Frances Olson. The young people expect to reside at Coudersport for some time.

—Clark Brothers' machine shops of Belmont turn out about $250,000 worth of work a year. This year the volume of work will exceed $250,000. The largest casting ever made in their shops weighed sixteen tons.—Bolivar Breeze.

—Miss Genevieve Stevenson has resigned her position in the Smethport schools to accept a similar one at Braddock, Pa. She will depart for there Saturday. The MINER, with a host of friends, wishes her success in this new departure.

—Ol' Man' Racket had lots of trouble last Saturday. With the aid of half a dozen clerks he was unable to supply the wants of his many customers. In his new advertisement this week he will create more trouble of the same character.

—It would be difficult to find a happier looking lot of merchants in any town in the land than our own merchants were last Saturday night. It is true they were tired, but trade had been excellent and they were happy. It pays to advertise.

—For the last month every exchange that has come to this office has been trying to cipher out when the 20th century would commence. Like the Yankee, in order to answer the question, the MINER will ask one: When did the first century begin?

—One hundred and sixty-six caskets containing the bodies of the sailors who lost their lives when the battleship Maine was blown up in Havana harbor on the night of Feb. 15, 1897, will be placed in Arlington cemetery, near Washington, D. C., to-day.

—Scene on an Arlington electric; personae: small boy, portly lady, S. B. (partially sotto voice)—Gee! that woman must have swallowed a yeast cake. P. L. (overhearing)—Yes, my boy, and if your mother had taken a yeast cake you would have been better bred.—Boston Transcript.

—List of letters remaining in the Smethport postoffice for the week ending Dec. 23: Mrs. John I. Brickel, Big Cease; Mrs. Bell Depp, Elmer Lamb, Mgr. Opera House, S. S. Palmer (2), Chas. Witson, Wm. Wable, Mrs. Carrie Walker, Mrs. G. D. Whitehead. Persons calling for these letters please say "advertised."

—John Reggall, who formerly resided here with his son, F. E. Reggall, mention of whose illness was made in last week's MINER, died at the home of his brother, Robert Reggall, at Preble, N. Y., on Tuesday of last week. He leaves a wife, two sons and two daughters, two of whom, Frank and Miss Rose, reside in this place.

—The total number of passengers carried by the railways of the United States last year was 698,512,000. The total number of tons of freight carried during the same time was 912,973,853. There are 184,532 miles of railway in the United States on which are run 33,893 passenger coaches, 1,284,807 freight cars and 36,746 locomotives.

—The great evangelist, D. W. Moody, died at his home at East Northfield, Mass., at noon last Friday at the age of 62 years. The deceased was one of the most wonderful men of the age and undoubtedly has addressed more people than any other man in the world. He commenced his evangelistic work in Chicago in 1856, and for 43 years has faithfully followed the line of duty.

—We have often wondered why it was that as soon as the snow comes, the sidewalks must be given up to skaters and coasters, who soon make them so slippery that pedestrians take their lives in their hands every time they attempt to walk on them. Why this is allowed is beyond comprehension. In the summer bicycles are not allowed on the walk, yet they are not nearly so dangerous as the handsleds and "bobs" which compel pedestrians to get out into the snow when the boys yell "track."—Eldred Eagle. Many a tumble has been caused by the above nuisance.

—Chinaware, Housekeeper's Helps and Reliable Ranges are the subjects treated by L. Emery, Jr., & Co. in their advertisement this week. For years this popular Bradford firm has sold the same make of goods in these lines, which is a fine guarantee of their worth. Read their advertisement carefully and when in Bradford call on them.

—Car Inspector David O. Martin, in the employ of the W. N. Y. & P. R'y at Olean, was found dead and horribly mangled along the tracks in the yards at that place about 12 o'clock last Saturday night. He was aged about 51 years. It is supposed that he was struck by a car, as half an hour before he was discovered he had reported at the office.

—Potter county commissioners are making strenuous efforts to secure a poor house. The MINER earnestly hopes that they may succeed. While the writer was a member of Potter's board of commissioners, in 1883 the matter was placed before the people but it was voted down. It is hoped the people have seen their error and will vote for it this time.

—The dance given by the young people at the hose house Tuesday night was one of the most enjoyable affairs of that character given here in a long time. The hall was tastily decorated, and elegantly dressed feminine beauties danced with well groomed men to the inspiring music of Klingensmith's orchestra of Bradford. An excellent lunch was served at the Grand Central.

—As an instance of English as it is spoken (and written) in Italy, the following is given: "The attention of English-speaking visitors to the Milan Cathedral is readily attracted by the following notice which appears over an alms-box: 'Apiele to Charitables. The Brothers, so called, of Mercy ask slender arms for the Hospital. They harbor all kinds of diseases, and have no respect to religion.'"

—In a short time the MINER will commence the publication of "The Crucifixion of Philip Strong," by Rev. Chas. M. Sheldon, author of "In His Steps; What Would Jesus Do?" the closing chapters of which were printed in this paper a few weeks ago. When the first chapters of the new story come out show them to your neighbor and urge them to read it. This story should be read by every home in the land.

—Mrs. George Dunbar of Hattiesburg, Miss., died at that place on Monday of last week. The remains were brought to Eldred, where the funeral was held on Thursday. The deceased was the eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Slack of Eldred township and was 31 years of age at the time of her demise. She was a lady of most excellent character and highly esteemed by all who were so fortunate as to possess her acquaintance.

—It will be gratifying news to the friends of Melville M. Gillette to learn that he has received the appointment as aide-de-camp, with the rank of colonel, on the staff of Governor-elect Nash of Ohio. Mr. Gillette was at the time of his appointment, secretary of the Newark Natural Gas Co.—Olean Times. The MINER desires to tender congratulations and is pleased to note that Mr. Gillette's ability is being recognized in the Buckeye state.

—A young man in this borough who is famous for his ready wit, recently sprung the following on one of our citizens: "Mr. —— do you know where I could borrow ten dollars on good security?" "Why," replied the gentleman, "I guess I could let you have it if the security is good." "Thank you," said the young man, "now will you tell me where I can get the security?" The gentleman handed the applicant the $10 without another word.

—Last week a young lady in Winchester, Ky., was joined in wedlock by telegraph to her lover 1,700 miles away at Fort Wingate, N. M. But it required two preachers and several telegraph operators to successfully perform the job. This new fangled way may be less embarrassing, but we are inclined to the belief that it would be much pleasanter to have the young lady stand close to one's side, even if it does cause a tinge of red to mantle the cheek or make it turn pale.

—Next Monday County Commissioners W. A. Young and Lemuel Davis will retire and A. M. Boardman and Albert Peterson will take their places. The old board of county auditors will retire to be superceded by A. L. Gallup, J. L. Ward and Frank McKeown. The prothonotary and recorder's offices it is presumed will continue as they are. In the sheriff's office it will be just change partners. The MINER wishes them all a happy New Year and hopes that they may have a prosperous term.

—We are sorry to learn that Attorney W. L. Lillibridge, late of the Reporter, has engaged rooms at Coudersport, and with the advent of the New Year, will open there an office for the practice of law. Mr. Lillibridge is thoroughly posted in his profession, and is one of those energetic fellows who is bound to succeed where ever he may be and in any profession he may choose. We regret to lose him as a neighbor and old-time friend and cheerfully commend him to the good people of Coudersport and vicinity, realizing that our loss is their gain.—Port Allegany Press.

—Last Sunday evening, although a regular blizzard was raging, St. Luke's church was well filled, almost every pew being occupied. The senior and junior choirs were combined—25 of the seniors and 24 of the junior members—and the edifice fairly trembled with their rich and powerful voices. Rev. McCandless delivered an interesting address to the children. The juniors sang several carols which were well rendered. Then came the musical treat of the evening, and the audience at St. Luke's never listened to anything finer than the oratorio "Nazareth" by Gounod.

—The Grand Master of Masons has issued a circular letter to all lodges in the state, requesting the officers and members to attend church in a body on the last day of the year, for the purpose of honoring and commemorating the memory of Geo. Washington. In accordance with his request the members of Olean Lodge, No. 352, will attend St. Stephen's church Sunday evening, Dec. 31st, the rector, Dr. Ashton, having kindly consented to preach a sermon suitable to the occasion.—Olean Times. It being Sunday it would be a grand idea for all the members of McKean Lodge, No. 388, to attend in a body at some of our churches to honor the memory of our first illustrious president.

—There is an effort afoot to oust T. H. Ryan from the superintendency of the poor farm at Smethport, by those who look upon the position with envy. Mr. Ryan has been in charge there for four or five years now and has given general satisfaction. With experience must of necessity come utility and ability. There is no man who understands the business better and there is no reason why he shouldn't be continued there. The business so far as he is concerned has been conducted in the best interests of the tax payers, and could the taxpayers have their say, they would retain him. Don't oust a good man from so important a position simply because some other fellow, less qualified, wants it. Keep Ryan in another year.—Port Allegany Reporter.

—The MINER is pleased to announce that, on or about the 1st of [illegible], Messrs. [illegible] will form a partnership and open a dry goods and carpet store in Dr. John Clark's new block. These young men will have one of the finest store rooms in town fitted up with all the modern appliances, and with their extended experience in the mercantile line there is no reason in the world why they should not make a grand success of their undertaking. The MINER hopes that they may realize their fondest expectations in this new venture.

—At the last term of criminal court in Potter county one witness in a liquor case was convicted of perjury. If the court would give the convicted man a good long sentence it would have more effect in breaking up the pig's ear business in that county than anything that has been attempted heretofore. The pig's ear parties have always relied upon their patrons to perjure themselves in order to allow the pig's ear men to escape. And these witnesses proved willing tools, for they well knew that if they gave true evidence against the pig's ears the talesmanic word would be passed around and he would be barred from every liquor hole of that kind in the county.

—Mrs. Flora Hogarth and Miss Lena Wright entertained about thirty-five of their friends at the Wright House Wednesday afternoon and evening. Each guest was requested to bring her thimble and the time before tea was passed in the making and comparing of kinds of fancy work. Delicious refreshments were served, both these ladies excelling in the culinary art as well as in the finer art of serving viands both tastily and daintily. Favors were found at the plate of each guest in the shape of pretty needlebooks of silk and ribbon. The decoration was very effective, the Christmas holly predominating. All the ladies professed themselves charmed with their delightful afternoon and evening.

Services at the M. E. Church.

WATCH NIGHT SERVICE.

Next Sunday, Dec. 31st, commencing at 8 p. m., there will be held a watch night service. The pastor, Dr. Walker, will preach at 8 p. m., the sermon to be followed by a special consecration service. At 10:30 p. m. the Rev. Mr. Ware of the Baptist church will preach, the sermon to be followed by a service of sacred song and Christian conference. In the morning at 9:30 there will be held a New Year's love feast, to which the whole church is invited. At 10:30 a brief address by the pastor followed by the administration of the Lord's supper.

WEEK OF PRAYER.

The week of prayer will be observed by union prayer services, the Baptist and Methodist churches uniting. Rev. T. D. Ware and Rev. Dr. Walker will conduct the services alternately during the week. The services will be held in the Methodist church beginning Monday evening beginning at 7:30 p. m. The general public is most cordially invited to attend.

The Firemen Paid.

The following letter from M. L. Armstrong to Bert McAllister, chief of Bradford fire department, speaks for itself:

Smethport, Pa., Dec. 23, 1899.

B. McAllister, Esq., Chief Bradford Fire Department:

Dear Comrade—Enclosed please find money order for $50. Please keep $10 for yourself and give each man who came over with you $5, and please accept kindest regards and well wishes of Smethport Hose company. This money is not out of hose company funds but the hose boys took it up and we raised the money and Smethport borough officials did not assist us and if we meet them in the other world they may be glad to have the hose turned on them. Hoping you all a Merry Christmas and a happy New Year,

I am very truly,
M. L. ARMSTRONG,
Committee for Smethport Hose Co.

P. S.—Please acknowledge receipt from Smethport Hose Company so we can rub it into councils.

Santa Claus.

Santa Claus spent an hour under a beautiful Christmas tree at the Methodist church last Saturday evening, Dec. 23. He listened to bright recitations, responsive reading and beautiful music. He had a crowded house, a number being unable to find seats. He was so well pleased with the bright children that he gave to each a present, sweetening all with a package of candy. He appeared to fully appreciate the prosperity of the school under the faithful superintendency of Prof. W. P. Eckels and his faithful assistants. The school is growing rapidly with the rapid growth of the village.

Notice.

We, the undersigned, do hereby agree to refund the money on a 50 cent bottle of Downs' Elixir if it does not cure any cough, cold, croup, whooping cough or throat trouble. We also guarantee Downs' Elixir to cure constipation, when used according to directions, or money back. A full dose on going to bed and small doses during the day will cure the most severe cold, and stop the most distressing cough.

L. K. HOGARTH & Co.
H. C. WELLS.

Holiday Excursion Rates.

In accordance with an old established custom the Buffalo, Rochester & Pittsburg Ry. will, this year, issue excursion tickets between all stations on its line, account Christmas and New Year's holidays, at a fare and one-third for the round trip. Tickets will be sold and good going on Dec. 23, 24, 25, 30 and 31, 1899, and Jan. 1, 1900, limited for return passage until Jan. 2, 1900.

W. N. Y. & P. Ry. Holiday Rates.

For the convenience of the traveling public excursion rates will be made to points on W. N. Y. & P. Ry. Tickets sold Dec. 23, 24, 25, 30 and 31, 1899, and Jan. 1, 1900; good for return passage to Jan. 2, 1900, inclusive. Call on agents for particulars.

My son has been troubled for years with chronic diarrhoea. Sometime ago I persuaded him to take some of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy. After using two bottles of the 25 cent size he was cured. I give this testimonial, hoping some one similarly afflicted may read it and be benefitted.—Thomas C. Bower, Glencoe, O. For sale by L. K. Hogarth & Co.

Mr J. Sheer, Sedalia, Mo., saved his child's life by One Minute Cough Cure. Doctors had given her up to die with croup. It's an infallible cure for coughs, colds, grippe, pneumonia, bronchitis and throat and lung troubles. Relieves at once. L. K. Hogarth & Co.

For Sale.

The Sprague brick building at corner of Main and Fulton streets. Inquire of W. D. Gallup or write Mrs. Emma J. Sprague, Buffalo, N. Y.

For Hoarseness.

Benj. Ingerson of Hutton, Ind., says he had not spoken above a whisper for months, and one bottle of Foley's Honey and Tar restored his voice. It is used very largely by speakers and singers. L. K. Hogarth & Co.

DeWitt's Little Early Risers purify the blood clean the liver, invigorate the system. Famous little pills for constipation and liver troubles. L. K. Hogarth & Co.

LIGHT UP—but go to Holmes & Gilfillan's for your lights, mantles and globes. Best and cheapest.

WANTED—At the Grand Central, Smethport, Pa., a girl who can do [illegible] or dining room work.

PERSONAL MENTION.

Miss Mamie Dunn is home for the holidays.

W. H. Morrison arrived home from college Friday.

Mrs. E. M. Kerns will visit Buffalo friends on Saturday.

Misses Helen and Ruth Forrest are home for the holidays.

David Schlieff of Clermont visited friends in town Tuesday.

Miss Nellie Mauser is spending the holidays with her mother.

Miss Nettie Hamlin is spending the holiday vacation in town.

Geoffrey Mayo is home with his parents until after New Years.

Mr. and Mrs. Warley Gifford of Bradford spent Sunday in town.

F. M. Windsor of Burtville transacted business in town yesterday.

Bert Shook and D. M. Brasted transacted business in Bradford to-day.

Wm. H. Walker of New York left town yesterday for Covington, Ky.

Leon Wolters arrived home from Manistee, Mich., Friday for the holidays.

O. J. Hamlin returned on Tuesday night from an extended visit in Buffalo.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur M. Thamm spent Sunday with relatives in Ridgway.

Jas. Flannigan of Bradford attended the hop at the hose house Tuesday night.

County Commissioner-elect A. M. Boardman visited Derrick City last Tuesday.

"Judge" J. R. Haughney came up from Eldred for breakfast yesterday morning.

Mr. and Mrs. M. C. Peters came up from Buffalo last Saturday, returning home to-day.

Misses Ella and Edna Walker of Rew City were guests of Miss Edna Church yesterday.

R. H. Dantley of Corydon was a most welcome caller at the MINER office yesterday.

Miss Martha Brennan, who is a student at Fredonia, is home during the holiday vacation.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Colvin of Cuba, N. Y., were visiting friends in town over Christmas.

F. H. Warren of Buffalo arrived in town Tuesday night and is the guest of Orlo J. Hamlin.

Justice Ed Carpenter of Laralee and John McCary of Turtlepoint were visitors in town last Friday.

W. G. Shoemaker arrived from Buffalo on Saturday night to spend the holidays with his parents.

Mrs F D. Dignon and son, Sidney, of New York will spend the winter with her brother, H. G. Phelps.

Mrs. W. J. Voorhees and children of Olean were guests of Mr. and Mrs. S. G. Bush on Christmas.

Miss Ethel Gifford, who attends school at Fredonia, returned home Saturday night for the holiday vacation.

F. G. Lindholm departed yesterday morning for Jamestown where he will spend some time for his health.

Mr. and Mrs. Freeman Chadwick have been guests of Larry Sheehan and wife in Ridgway for the past week.

The veteran soldier L. B. Prosser of East Bradford was a most agreeable caller at this office last Saturday afternoon.

Dr. and Mrs. John Dodds Flagg returned home yesterday after a week's visit at the M. E. church parsonage on King street.

R. K. Golding, local editor of the Kane Republican, was a most welcome caller at this office while in town on Friday last.

S. R. Dresser, D. D. G. M., of Bradford was in town last night and installed the officers elect of McKean Lodge, No. 388, F. & A. M.

C. S. King, E. P. Dalrymple, M. T. Shurtz, H. N. Rose, C. W. Cathn and N. R. Baird of Port Allegany transacted business in town yesterday.

John Meisel and Patrick Gaynor of Clermont were in town on business Tuesday. Mr. Meisel was an agreeable caller at the MINER office while here.

Edward A. Lemmler of Angola, N. Y., and Miss Ada Lemmler of Eldred were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Lemmler of Church street on Wednesday.

On Saturday Dr. F. R. Young returned from a visit at Buffalo, accompanied by Ned Newman who will spend the holidays here, the guest of D. C. Young.

Samuel H. Glassmire of Coudersport was in town Tuesday night and participated in the dance at the hose house. He was a pleasant caller at this office yesterday.

Sam'l Barnes of Hazelhurst was a welcome caller at this office yesterday morning. Would that all our subscribers were as anxious as Mr. Barnes to get a receipt in advance.

Mr. and Mrs. M. M. Gillette arrived Saturday from Newark, Ohio, to spend Christmas with relatives in town. Mr. Gillette was a most agreeable caller at this office to-day.

Attorney G. W. Jude of Jamestown, N. Y., was a guest of A. M. Boardman and family during the holidays. Tuesday he was a most agreeable caller at the MINER office.

Mr. and Mrs F. E. Baldwin of Austin were guests of Mrs. Baldwin's mother over Christmas. Mr. Baldwin was a pleasant caller at this office, in company with Leon Wolters.

H. B. Scholl, the hustling business representative of the Pittsburg Arts Association, who has been stopping at East Smethport, spent Christmas at his home in Allegany, N. Y., returning on Tuesday.

Mrs. Kate Hanley and daughter, Miss Marie, departed for Pittsburg Friday to join Maurice Hanley who has secured a good position there. The MINER wishes them happiness and prosperity and will visit them weekly in their new home.

Mrs. J. Smith, daughter, and Miss Armstrong, one of the borough school teachers, left last evening for Smethport where they will spend the holidays with Mrs. Smith's parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Bush.—Kane Republican, Saturday.

WASHINGTON.

Special Low-Rate Excursions via Pennsylvania Railroad.

The Pennsylvania Railroad Company announces that on December 23, February 21, March 15, and April 7 it will run special excursions from points on the Philadelphia and Erie railroad, Erie to Lock Haven, inclusive, to Washington, for the benefit of all who may wish to visit the national capital. Round-trip tickets, good going on all regular trains on day of issue, and good returning on any regular train within ten days, exclusive of going date, will be sold at rate of $10 from Erie, St. Marys and intermediate points; $8.95 from Driftwood; $8.15 from Renovo; $7.30 from Lock Haven; and proportionate rates from other points.

Holders of special excursion tickets to Washington can purchase, at the Pennsylvania railroad ticket offices in Washington, excursion tickets to Richmond at rate of $4.00 and to Old Point Comfort (all rail) at $6.00; from the pursers of the Norfolk and Washington steamboat company, excursion tickets (not including meals and staterooms on steamers) to Old Point Comfort or Norfolk, Va., at $3.50 and to Virginia Beach, Princess Anne Hotel, at $4.50; and at the offices of the Washington, Alexandria and Mt. Vernon electric railway company, excursion tickets to Mt. Vernon and return at rate of 50 cents.

For full information consult small handbills, apply to ticket agents, or address E. S. Harrar, Division Ticket Agent, Williamsport, Pa.

A SURE CURE FOR CROUP.

Twenty-five Years Constant Use Without a Failure.

The first indication of croup is hoarseness, and in a child subject to that disease it may be taken as a sure sign of the approach of an attack. Following this hoarseness is a peculiar rough cough. If Chamberlain's Cough Remedy is given as soon as the child becomes hoarse, or even after the croupy cough appears, it will prevent the attack. It is used in many thousands of homes in this broad land and never disappoints the anxious mothers. We have yet to learn of a single instance in which it has not proved effectual. No other preparation can show such a record—twenty-five years' constant use without a failure. For sale by L. K. Hogarth & Co.

Mrs. R. Churchill, Berlin, Vt., says: "Our baby was covered with running sores. De Witt's Witch Hazel Salve cured her." A specific for piles and skin diseases. Beware of worthless counterfeits. L. K. Hogarth & Co.

HAMMAR PAINT and pure linseed oil is what you want. Holmes & Gilfillan.

E. T. Daly calls attention to his fine line of cutters. Do not fail to call on him. tf.

Gleason's photo buttons are the rage. Call at the gallery.

[illegible]

For The Holidays.

Just Received

An exquisite line of Neckwear, Shirts, Hosiery, Underwear, Hats. A full assortment of Dent's and Fourie's celebrated dress and walking gloves. Also an immense line of fine and medium grade umbrellas for ladies and gentlemen. We call special attention to our beautiful stock of children's Reefers, Blouse Suits and Top O'Coats.

All new goods. Prices the lowest.

IKE SIMONS,
46 Main St., Bradford, Pa.

Holiday Jewelry.

I have just moved into my new store in the Callar Block and am now better prepared to display my stock of holiday goods than ever before.

My stock includes

Watches	Gold Novelties
Clocks	Silver Novelties
Diamonds	Bracelets
Rings	Broaches
Jewel Cases	Chains

and in fact everything to be found in a first-class jewelry store.

All goods guaranteed just as represented.

Mrs. E. G. Carter,
Callar Block. SMETHPORT.

Lilgendahl's Shop

Is a model of neatness and the means to be found here for getting out good work were never before known in Smethport.

The Blacksmithing Department

Is presided over by men of ability and experience. Bring your horse here. A thorough knowledge of horses' feet enables us to do horseshoeing in a scientific manner.

The Wagon and Paint Shops

Are attracting a great deal of attention. The excellent work done in these departments is drawing trade. Send in your order.

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We are ready as never before to supply your Holiday wants. Ready with the best store, the best service, and the best values Olean has ever known. Don't fail to bring the children to see the wonders of "Toy-Land" in our Basement, and don't fail to do your buying early.

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You should buy dolls early if you want the pretty faces. Early importations warrant us in saying that our prices are much lower than found elsewhere.

OUR STORE

IS BEGINNING TO PUT ON HOLIDAY AIRS.

We wish we could explain in detail the thousands of useful articles we are showing, but why not come to us and see for yourselves, what it is that makes so many homes so happy at the joyous Christmas time.

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Anderson & Carlson,
Boots and Shoes, Overshoes, Rubber Boots, Repairing, Etc.
SMETHPORT, PENNA.

Inventory Sale

THIS WEEK.

Bargains in Odds and Ends.

You can't afford to miss this sale

J. COLEGROVE.

A gallon of PURE LINSEED OIL mixed with a gallon of

Hammar Paint, $1.20 makes 2 gallons of the VERY BEST PAINT in the WORLD per gallon.

Saves 25 per cent of your paint bill. Is FAR MORE DURABLE than Pure White Lead and is ABSOLUTELY NOT POISONOUS. HAMMAR PAINT is made of the BEST OF PAINT MATERIALS—such as all good painters use, and is ground THICK, VERY THICK. No trouble to mix, any boy can do it. It is the COMMON SENSE OF HOUSE PAINT. No BETTER paint can be made at any cost, and is

Guaranteed 5 years

Not to Crack, Blister, Peel or Chip.

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Dealers in
ROUGH AND DRESSED LUMBER.

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The Leading JEWELER
and dealer in
WATCHES
CLOCKS
NOVELTIES
FINE JEWELRY
SPORTING GOODS

Having procured the services of H. M. Smith, practical watchmaker, optician and jeweler, I am prepared to do all kinds of watch and jewelry repair work and guarantee satisfaction. Bring in your watches, clocks and jewelry and get in line for the opening of our new railroad Nov. 1st.

Blankets and Robes.

The season for Blankets and Robes is here and at this store you can always find

Just What You Want.

Full line of Trunks, Telescopes, Suit Cases, Traveling Bags, etc., at popular prices. Harness—All the latest styles in single or double, light and heavy harness.

Chas. Lemmler,
Smethport, Pa.

Something New In Watches.

The New Four Hundred, the smallest American watch made, and will keep good time. We put these movements in a fine 14 k filled case, guaranteed for 20 years, and are selling them for a short time only for $15.00. We have a fine line of watches, diamonds, clocks, silverware, cut glass and a general line of fine jewelry. Scientific examination of the eyes free.

Give us a call.

C. H. ROBIE,
The Leading Jeweler.
143 Union St., - Olean.

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The
PRACTICAL FARMER
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FINE, HOT OYSTER STEW
Step into the
Novelty Restaurant.
New York Counts,
Clams, Cigars and
Fine Confectioneries
Always on Hand.
THOMAS YOUNG, PROP'R.

How About That Plumbing Job?
BE SURE TO CONSULT
PALMER & STRONG
Plumbers, Gas and Steam Fitters.
Welsbach Lamps and Supplies,
Chandeliers and Fixtures.
Basement Reilly Block. - SMETHPORT.
Thoroughly Experienced. All Work Guaranteed.

NEW WAGON and PAINT SHOP.

I have started a Wagon and Carriage Shop in R. Sartwell's building on State street and am prepared to do all kinds of wagon and carriage painting and repairing. Will also furnish the finest of new work. I am well-known to the people of Smethport and they run no risk when entrusting me with their work. I have had 25 years experience and invite comparison.

John Servatius, - Smethport, Pa.

Holiday Reminders.

PERFUMES.

A List of our Leaders.

Maid of Athens	Queen of Egypt
Carnation Bouquet	English Lilac
Pan D Espagne	Robin Adair
Orange Flower	Cuban Lily
Grecian Rose	Primrose
Sweet Pea	Wild Violet
Shasta Lily	Pansy Flower
Rob Roy	Red Rose

PICTURES.

Having purchased our pictures direct and buying the quantity we received them at jobbers prices. Call and price them.

SILVER.

We have added a line of sterling and plated ware this fall and can quote prices as cheap as you can buy in the cities.

LEATHER.

Pocket books, prayer books, Hymnals, Bibles, Traveling Sets, etc.

CALENDARS.

A beautiful line.

STATIONERY.

Box Paper, Tablets, Blank Books. Call on us before buying elsewhere.

WAVE CREST.

Wave Crest ware in all shapes, including Jewel Cases, Cigar Jars, Cracker Jars, Broom Holders and Ash Receivers.

STAPLE ARTICLES.

DRUGS.

We carry a complete line of drugs and chemicals.

PATENTS.

One of the largest lines in the county.

L. K. Hogarth & Co.,
OPPOSITE COURT HOUSE. SMETHPORT, PA.

OYSTERS

The Best at Brasted's

THE LAND OF COOPER.

Still sleeps old fair Otsego lake,
The Glimmerglass of old,
Which rippled once with [illegible] bark's wake,
Before the mountains bold.

Still o'er its [illegible] sway the [illegible]
That hid the Hutter's ark,
As [illegible] by [illegible] summer breeze
Floats o'er [illegible] down till dark.

The sleeping lion's couchant form,
Which looms up blue and dim,
Still waits a signal of alarm
To end his slumbers grim.

Point Judith, Hutter's point, Rat's cove,
And wave washed Council rock,
Round which Cooper wove
The yarns of Chingachgook.

Each calls to mind some thrilling part
Of Leatherstocking tales—
Old tales that still will touch the heart
When today's story fails.
—Frank Farrington in New York Sun.

THE JOSSLYN REUNION

Showing How Desirable It Was to Be a Josslyn and Possess the Josslyn China.

BY HARRIET CARYL COX.

"Yes, I have heard of the reunion, but I can't say that I feel called upon to go," Elmira remarked as she let the printed slip fall into her lap. "I never felt very proud of the Josslyn blood anyway. Mother would stick it into my name, but I must say the folks I've seen bearing that name weren't anything very remarkable. And now there'll be a whole gang of them—a whole gang of Josslyns." She sniffed scornfully. "No, I really don't feel called upon to go to their old reunion," she repeated decisively.

"I don't suppose you do," Amelia agreed. "Of course there wouldn't be anybody you ever knew or would want to know. It ain't as if it were father's family."

Elmira tossed her head proudly. "I should say not," she answered emphatically. "Why, there are governors and senators and lawyers and—and everything in grandfather's ancestors."

"They might have some among all the Josslyns," Amelia suggested; "perhaps just a senator or something in some branch of the family."

Elmira shook her head decisively. "Do you remember Great-aunt Sarah," she demanded, "and Uncle Job and—and the apple tree?" This she spoke in a whisper.

Amelia nodded.

"And did you ever see such a lot of [illegible] in all your life as you used to see at the funerals and weddings? You felt as if you'd got to apologize to your neighbors for them. Ancestors, indeed! You needn't try to tell me they ever had any ancestors at all, any of them."

She took up the paper and glanced it through again.

"It is proposed to gather together all the genealogical lore and traditions, to separate tradition from fact and finally to publish a book in which shall be a complete history of the Josslyn family from Adam to the present generation. To do this it is necessary that all branches of the family be represented, and it is earnestly requested that, as far as possible, all persons in whose veins any drop of the Josslyn blood gather at this reunion and contribute their share to the fund of information."

"I suppose I might go," she said thoughtfully after a few moments' pause. "Of course I'm not called upon to, but it wouldn't hurt me any, and I might find it kind of interesting just to look on."

She looked inquiringly at her sister.

"I would if I were you," Amelia replied promptly. "I'd go if I had the chance. It's a dreadful thing to be so lame." She sighed dismally.

"I s'pose you'd like to hear about it," Elmira remarked. "I might go on your account, so as to amuse you talking about it afterward. It mightn't be so very bad, because I'm not very much Josslyn, you know. They always said I favored father's side, anyhow. The Bunsteads were all dark, and grandfather used to say he didn't believe I'd a drop of Josslyn blood in me at all. You got it all, Amelia. You ought to be the one to go; but, seeing you can't, I s'pose I will. You'll be glad to have me, won't you, Amelia?"

* * * * *

Amelia sat by the little side window and peered anxiously out. The train had come some time ago. She had heard its whistle and seen long puffs of smoke over the marshes, and she knew it ought to be time for her sister to appear.

"I never knew her to be so long coming before," she murmured fretfully to herself. "Maybe she's stopped at Sarah's to get some eggs. I hope she hasn't, because Sarah brought some over just after she went away."

There was a sudden peal at the front doorbell.

Amelia rose and hobbled to the door.

"My land!" she exclaimed as Elmira's face confronted her. Then she dropped her voice as she saw a strange man by her sister's side.

"I forgot my latchkey, you know," Elmira said airily, "or I wouldn't have troubled you, Amelia. This is our cousin, Bradford Josslyn. He's come out to see the Josslyn china and has got to go back on the next train, so we'll have to hurry. You take him into the dining room while I go and get it. We have to be very careful of it, you see, because we think so much of it," she explained to the stranger as she departed toward the attic.

Amelia led the way silently to the dining room. The parlor was cold. Elmira had evidently reasoned that out, and then, too, the dining room was the best place to show china of course. But just what was the china?

Thus she reasoned as she passed through the long hall and ushered the man into the old fashioned dining room.

"You are very fortunate in having so much beautiful old furniture," their guest remarked. "In so many families it gets scattered, but you seem to have a mine of it here, and the china, if it is the china"—

He stopped. Elmira was fumbling at the doorknob. She entered proudly and walked across to the table, where she deposited her burden. There were a pitcher, some cups and a platter, with a dull red pattern running over them.

"It is!" he cried exultingly.

"Of course," Elmira assented carelessly. "I knew it as soon as the paper told about it and wanted to find the other pieces. There are more up stairs, but this is all I could bring at once."

There was some more conversation and a search in the family Bible, and the man departed.

Elmira saw him to the door; then she slammed it hard and fairly ran back to where her sister was waiting and dropped into the old rocker and began to rock violently to and fro.

"We are somebody," she announced triumphantly; "we are big somebodies, Amelia. We can be Daughters of the Revolution and Colonial Dames and Descendants of the Mayflower and—and"— She was fairly out of breath.

"I'd cool off a little if I were you," her sister suggested. "Kind of slow up, can't you, Elmira, and tell me all about it? You know I couldn't go."

"Of course not, you poor dear!" Elmira leaned forward and kissed her tenderly. "But you're a Josslyn just the same, Amelia, and you've the looks more'n any one of them. I always said you had, you know.

"There were a lot of them, and at first I [illegible]. And you had to tell all you know about your ancestors to a man, and he had a lot of papers and seemed to know everybody, and he said I was very straight descended—that means you, of course, too, only you weren't there—and he was talking about me, and he introduced me to a woman and said something that I did not hear, but it made her extra nice to me, and she took me around and introduced me to most everybody, and they was as fine a looking set of folks as I ever see, even if I do say it, and they're relations.

"They've been having a dreadful time straightening out some records and trying to trace some pattern that was on some china that came over in the Mayflower and was used in England before that. A lot of the sons had had whole sets made like it, and it had got all scattered round, and when they came to describe it it came across me all of a sudden of that box of crockery up in the attic that grandfather gave us and we didn't ever use 'cause 'twas so old and cracked. So I up and told 'em about it."

"Right out afore everybody?" Amelia gasped.

"Of course! Wasn't I as much a Josslyn as any of 'em, even if my last name isn't Josslyn? My middle name is, anyway, and a person's middle name is just as much their own as their last.

"Well, they were dreadfully interested, and I told 'em lots of things they didn't seem to know, and I guess they was glad I came.

"That man didn't seem to more'n half believe we had the china, so I just brought him out to see for himself. I guess the Josslyns ain't impostors. He could see for himself." She turned her head proudly.

"And that man is worth $3,000,000," she confided to her sister impressively. "Three million dollars, and he's a big swell, and he hasn't but one piece of the china with the Josslyn pattern on it, and that came to him through an aunt."

She glanced at the table exultingly. "There's more up in the attic," she said as she clasped her hands.

Amelia moved laboriously across the room, took up the cups and wiped them carefully with a fine towel. Then she took the teapot off the stove. "We might have a cup of tea in them tonight," she suggested.

"I suppose we could use them quite often," Elmira said. "It's only proper that we should use the family china." She sipped her tea slowly.

"I've ordered a new set of cards," she announced, with a furtive glance at her sister, "and they're going to read Elmira Josslyn-Bunstead."

There was a silence for a moment.

"And I ordered some for you, too, Amelia," she added, "because we are both Josslyns, you know."—Atlanta Constitution.

A Bad Guess.

John Hawtrey was one of England's famous whipping schoolmasters. At Eton, in autumn, the small boys used to buy chestnuts and roast them in a shovel over the fire. One day a boy named F., who was a great favorite of Hawtrey's, had a lot of chestnuts and as a special favor was allowed to make use of the pupil-room fire while pupil room was still going on.

Hawtrey was going in and out of the room while we were working, and on one occasion, coming in rather quietly, he caught sight of F. kneeling over the fire arranging his chestnuts. The boy's position was irresistible to any lover of the art of chastisement. Not seeing his face and supposing it was one of the other boys stealing the chestnuts, John Hawtrey quietly took his cane from his desk and, creeping forward on tiptoe, gave the wretched F. a most tremendous whack.

The boy jumped up with a yell, his hands clapped behind him. Then the tutor saw who he was and said, embracing him:

"Oh, my poor boy! I am so sorry! I thought it was another boy stealing your chestnuts."

We, of course, were all delighted and roared with laughter.

Blasting Was Good.

"The guides who pilot visitors about in Norway," said a tourist, "are a pleasant, intelligent set of men. They have had so many associations with English and American travelers that they speak our language fairly well and are always on the alert to pick up new words. Sometimes this desire leads to funny mistakes too. While exploring some of the wild and precipitous cliffs one day with my guide, we came upon a spot which looked like an abandoned quarry.

"'What is this, Karl?' I asked. 'Have they been getting out stone here?'

"'Yes, sir,' he answered. 'It is where some time ago they have been shooting the rocks.'

"'Oh, yes, blasting,' I said, smiling, and Karl's quick ears caught the new word for 'shooting.' I heard him murmuring it to himself two or three times afterward.

"The next day our journey brought us into a large tract of magnificent forest. 'Karl,' said I, 'there ought to be fine hunting here in the season.'

"'Yes, sir,' was the prompt reply; 'very good hunting.' Then, with the air of a man who seizes an opportunity, he added proudly, 'Indeed it is near here, sir, that we blast many bears.'"—New York Tribune.

She Got the Autograph.

At a meeting of an autograph society, composed of young women, in Chicago one particular celebrity who had remained obdurate to all requests for his signature was almost unanimously voted to be a "mean old thing."

The one girl who had not concurred in the general condemnation asserted that the others did not know how to manage this particular lion. "I'll show you," she declared, and forthwith wrote and mailed to the celebrity a request composed of only two words. They were, "Autograph, please."

At the next regular meeting the girl appeared triumphantly waving a sheet of letter paper over her head. It was the reply of the celebrity. He seemed reproachful. All he wrote was, "You must be pressed for time," with his signature following.—San Francisco Argonaut.

A Cautious Verdict.

Cause and Comment says that an inquest on the badly decomposed body of a man who had been drowned in the Yellowstone river resulted in the following cautious if not especially luminous verdict:

"We, the jury, find that the deceased, Fred Darwin, lost his life accidentally while trying to cross the Yellowstone river on the 25th day of August, 1880. The jury knows from hearsay and word of witness, not present the above facts. No witness present but from his evidence heretofore expressed we find from the body and property recovered evidence sufficient to arrive at this verdict."

Serious View of It.

Mr. Gaswell—I dropped a cent in the gutter, and it has reduced me to poverty.

Mr. Dukane—How could you be reduced to poverty by the loss of a single cent?

Mr. Gaswell—Isn't you see that it makes me a penny-less man?—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

Discouraging Souvenir.

Pearl—Don't soil that pincushion, dear; it cost $300.

Ruby—You are joking. Why, there is nothing in the pincushion but sawdust.

Pearl—That's just what cost so much. Uncle Ben paid $300 for it up in Chicago. Thought it was some kind of grand tonic, I believe.—Chicago News.

TOM THUMB ABROAD.

THE FAMOUS DWARF'S VISIT TO ENGLAND IN 1844.

Barnum's Clever Advertising In the London Newspapers—The Yankee Midget Was a Great Success and a Prime Favorite With Royalty.

In St. Nicholas Mary Shears Roberts recounts the successes of the famous dwarf Tom Thumb. There have been smaller dwarfs, but none brighter or more intelligent than our tiny Yankee, who was never more than three feet tall. He was born in Bridgeport, Conn., in 1832 or thereabouts, of "poor but honest parents." His real name was Charles S. Stratton, and although his relatives always called him Charley he was known to the world at large as the one and only "General Tom Thumb." Under the management of Mr. P. T. Barnum our small hero traveled all over and all around the earth, making two colossal fortunes, one for himself and one for his manager. On Jan. 18, 1844, he set sail for Europe to try his fascinations on kings and queens and princes.

In those days a voyage across the Atlantic was a much more important event than it is now, and you may rest assured that Mr. Barnum made great capital of this 19 days' journey. The party consisted of the manager, the "General," his parents, his tutor and a French naturalist, and a brass band escorted them to Sandy Hook. This fact was duly heralded in the London newspapers, to which was added the statement that "on leaving New York the dwarf was escorted to the packet by no less than 10,000 persons."

Soon after arriving in London Mr. Barnum and his charge called at the office of The Illustrated London News. The first portrait of Tom Thumb taken in England appears in that journal, dated Feb. 24, 1844. There are two cuts. In the first he is seen standing on a chair by a table, which serves to emphasize his diminutive size. The second picture is very good and is called "The American Dwarf at the Princess' Theater." He is represented as being on the stage before the footlights parodying the walk and manners of Napoleon. Tom Thumb's performances at the Princess theater made such a "hit" that Mr. Barnum next engaged Egyptian hall, Piccadilly, whither thronged many visitors of rank and fashion.

The American minister, the Hon. Edward Everett, was very kind to his countrymen, and it was at his house that Mr. Barnum met a certain Mr. Murray, master of the queen's household. On the day following one of the Queen's Life guards appeared before Mr. Barnum with a note containing an invitation from the queen to General Tom Thumb and his guardian, Mr. Barnum, to appear at Buckingham palace on a specified evening.

In retiring from the royal presence Mr. Barnum attempted to follow the example set by the lord in waiting by backing out. The gallery was of great length, and the gentlemen with long strides made rapid progress, but Tom Thumb's short legs left him far behind—or before. Seeing that he was losing ground, he turned and ran a few steps, then resumed the process of "backing." Again losing ground, he repeated the performance, to the great amusement of the royal spectators. The queen soon sent another summons, and the "General," with his guardian, made a second visit to the palace, being received in the yellow drawing room. A third visit was soon paid to Buckingham palace, and this time the queen's uncle, Leopold, king of the Belgians, was present and was greatly amused, asking many questions, and Queen Victoria, desiring the "General" to sing, inquired what song he preferred. "Yankee Doodle," was the prompt reply. All present laughed heartily, and her majesty said: "That is a very pretty song, 'General.' Sing it, if you please." And he did.

The British public was now fairly excited. From March 20 to July 20 the levees of the little "General" at Egyptian hall were continually crowded.

One afternoon, attired in a court dress, consisting of a handsomely embroidered velvet coat, short breeches, white satin vest, white silk stockings, pumps, wig, cocked hat and dress sword, he went to Marlborough House, the residence of Queen Adelaide, widow of William IV.

"Why, 'General,'" said the queen dowager, "I think you look very smart today." "I guess I do," he answered contentedly. Before he left the queen took him up on her lap, saying: "I see you have no watch. Will you permit me to give you one?" "I should like it very much," was the answer. And a few weeks after he was again invited to Marlborough House, where many children of the nobility were present, and Queen Adelaide gave him a beautiful but tiny watch and chain.

He received many other presents from various people, and these were all placed under a glass case and exhibited at the receptions. The Duke of Wellington frequently looked in upon the little man, and on one occasion, when the small "General," with folded arms and knitted brow, was strutting up and down, imitating Napoleon, the big general, Wellington, laughingly inquired, "Of what are you thinking, my little man?" "I am thinking, sir, of the battle of Waterloo," was the prompt reply, the little features never losing their serious expression.

Japan's Queer Stores.

Japanese are very fond of strolling through their bazaars. You enter at one door and leave by another. Goods for sale are displayed on each side of aisles that wind through the length of the shop. Passing up and down these aisles, they lead you to the second and often third story of the building and then back again through different aisles, causing you to travel the length of the establishment many times. Finally you see the doorway a few feet distant, but even then you must travel this maze several times its length to escape.

Usually shopping is very restful in Japan. You sit around on the floor, and in some shops they bring you cups of tea to sip and a "hibachi" from which to light your pipe.—Baltimore Sun.

The Bachelor.

A bachelor is a coward and a failure. He shaves and primps, but is too cowardly to put his arm around success and press it to his bosom. He resolves to marry every day for 40 years, but when the hour for the duel arrives, when in the presence of trembling, rosy cheeks, when beauty shakes her curls, his courage oozes, and he flees the field without even learning of the cowpath that leads to matrimony. Better be old darky 'Rastus in his cabin, where he holds old Dinah's hand and asks, "Who's sweet?" and Dinah drops her head on his shoulder and says, "Bofe of us."—Shawnee Daily Chief.

A Scotch Scheme.

The following appears in a Glasgow paper. It would be interesting to know whether it has led to business. If so, the supply of grand pianos in Scotland must be considerably in excess of the demand.

"Lady having large drawing room would gladly store grand piano in return for use; references given."—London Truth.

Those Amiable Creatures.

Maud—This is my engagement ring. Isn't it lovely?

Edith—Perfectly adorable! How generous. Fred was to give you such a valuable one! And to think that folks say that your father paid for it!—Boston Transcript.

FROM THE SHADOW.

Under the rose and under the dew
Dead! but the dreaming, [illegible] heart, [illegible] you!

For the [illegible]
I [illegible]

And the [illegible]
Thrilled the [illegible]

And I [illegible] the white willow [illegible]
"She is true to her love, she is true to her trust.

"And her tenderest tears will fall for me
Till we meet in God's eternity."

II.

Under the rose and under the dew,
Dead—but I dream no more of you!

The stormy winds o'er my dwelling rave;
Dead are the roses that bloomed my grave.

For you never kneel by my couch to say
The loving words that you said that day.

Crumbles my name on the marble's crust.
My dreams are dead, and my heart is dust!
—Atlanta Constitution.

SIBERIA'S BIG GOLD CROP.

Large Quantities of It Smuggled Out of the Country.

In spite of the most stringent Russian laws on the subject—the taking away of gold without government consent—there is an enormous business done all over Siberia in gold, both dust and, especially, nuggets stolen from the workings. It is a criminal offense to be found in possession of gold; but as so large a proportion of the population of Siberia consists of those sent there for punishment, and the only further punishment they have to fear is deportation to some yet more distant region of the same barren and joyless land, the deterrent is by no means so formidable as a mere perusal of the awful menaces of the statutes at first sight seems to convey. Moreover, the successful dealer in stolen gold rarely fails to escape the penalties of his offense, even when caught redhanded.

The Russian official, even in Russia proper, is seldom altogether unreasonable; and in Siberia, where the pregnant saying of the dishonest "chinovnik," "It's a long way to Peter"—that is, St. Petersburg—is especially significant, the official is "good natured" in the extreme, and a substitute can always be bought to accept unpleasant responsibilities.

A great part of the gold is conveyed over the Chinese frontier—that is, across the river Amur, which is the sole defense of the frontier against smuggling from both sides and finds a ready sale at ruinous sacrifices in exchange for a certain fiery Chinese vodka. The valuable properties of this spirit, much esteemed by Russian and native alike, are that it gives the customer the beatitude of intoxication one day, and on the next he can attain the same exalted state by the cheap expedient of drinking water.—Chambers' Journal.

The Betrothal Ring.

The early history of the wedding ring is not easy to trace, as it was apt to be confused with the betrothal ring. This was once the more important of the two, for in the days of our forefathers the betrothal was the great ceremony and marriage only the ratification of the contract. Then a spouse was a betrothed person, and to espouse was to be betrothed. The ceremony of espousal or betrothal was celebrated with all possible solemnity as the contract of a future "eternal bond of love." No doubt the reason for thus solemnizing an engagement was that in times of violence and lawlessness the church thought it needful to protect the woman and therefore made the betrothal so sacred that a violation of the contract was punished with excommunication. A betrothal service was used, which still forms part of the French and Italian ritual, and, indeed, the first part of the Anglican marriage rite down to the woman's "I will" is simply the old betrothal service.

Remarkable Tumors.

Some remarkable records of tumors are given in The Lancet. The largest known is a uterine tumor that weighed 195 pounds, described by a doctor of Bucharest. Hunter removed one weighing 140 pounds from a woman whose weight without the tumor was 95 pounds. The largest solid tumor of this class weighed 106 pounds. The record for ovarian tumors is held by a Chinese patient, who had one weighing 169 pounds; without it she weighed 77 pounds. There is a New York one of 149 pounds and a German one of 116. For mammary tumors a case is on record where the growth in one breast weighed 64 pounds and in the other 40 pounds.

Didn't Know His Boss.

John I. Blair in his earlier days owned a western railroad along the route of which he established a series of lunchrooms, at which employees of the road were to be charged 50 cents and all passengers 75 cents. Mr. Blair once dined at one of these places and, concluding his meal, laid down a half dollar.

"Hold on!" cried the cashier. "You don't belong to this road!"

"I know that," replied Mr. Blair. "The road belongs to me."

Gotham's Millionaires.

At the present time there are between 500 and 1,000 men in New York who are worth $1,000,000 or more. In 1815, when New York had a population of 110,000, there were only 19 men who were assessed at $100,000 or more, and the highest assessment was only $200,000.

The cost of keeping up the drinking fountains and cattle troughs in London is $8,500 per annum. A single trough in a busy thoroughfare costs $250.

The willow is one of the most adaptable of plants. A willow switch stuck in the wet will almost invariably take root.

Lost.

Many have lost confidence and hope as well as health, because they have been told their Kidney disease was incurable. Foley's Kidney Cure is a guaranteed remedy for the discouraged and disconsolate. L. K. Hogarth & Co.

JONES & CHURCH
dealers in
Fresh and
Salt Meats,
Poultry, Fish
and Vegetables
We pay the highest cash price for fat stock, poultry, hides and pelts. Give us a call.
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C. J. Vanblad,
Practical Horseshoer.
Special attention paid to sore feet and all diseases that can be cured by careful shoeing.
Am agent for the Dornan Expansion Shoe.
WATER ST. SMETHPORT, PA.

A Story of John Morrissey.

Henry L. Dawes of [illegible], Mass., successor of Charles Sumner in the senate, told the [illegible]

"When I [illegible] Morrissey [illegible] the [illegible] was fined $1,000 and [illegible] he would send [illegible] on his return to New York.

"Well, I didn't know what might happen if he was let go on that understanding, but I said to Morrissey that any arrangement for settlement which he made with the sheriff would be satisfactory. The sheriff, feeling as I did, insisted upon having the fine paid in cash, and since Morrissey didn't happen to have that much cash with him the sheriff locked him up until the amount was sent on from New York.

"I fancied that Morrissey felt he owed me a grudge because of this incident. Years afterward in Washington a number of new congressmen were brought up to be introduced to me. Among them was Morrissey. When he came forward, he smiled and said, 'Mr. Dawes, I believe we have met before.'"

She "Sassed Her."

Some visitors to East Gloucester paid a special call upon the woman said to be the original of Mrs. Elizabeth Stuart Phelps Ward's famous story, "A Madonna of the Tubs." Mrs. Phelps Ward's summer home, be it known, is in East Gloucester. The visitors found a typical New Englander with a self evident capacity for taking care of herself.

"So you are the Madonna of the Tubs?" said the visitors.

"I am," said the New Englander.

"And Mrs. Phelps Ward wrote a beautiful story about you?"

"She did."

"Have you ever met Mrs. Ward?"

"I have. After she wrote that story she came round here one day and hunted me up. She said as how she wanted to see me for herself."

"How interesting!" murmured the visitors. "And what did you do?"

"Do?" repeated the Madonna of the Tubs. "What did I do? I sassed her well for writin' such a story as that about me. Such a pack of lies I never read. Why, there wasn't one-half of it true. And she had the face to come and see me afterward! Oh, I sassed her well, I did!"—New York Sun.

Grotesque Spelling.

One of the Boston papers calls attention to this woeful example of bad spelling—and in Boston too! It is from the doorway bulletin board of a little restaurant:

BILL OF FARE.
Open at all Howrs.
Bakon Eggs, 15. Ham Eggs, 15.
Corned Beef Cabbage, 10.
Lam Chops, [illegible] Fries, 15. Stake, 10.
Liver Bakon, 15. Pork Beans, 10.
Chicken Frize, 15.
Puden and Pie, 5.

This reminds the Tales of the Town man of a sign he saw not long ago in the window of a Broadway saloon: "A roi oster wif every Drink."

Several months ago there was an announcement laboriously chalked on a St. Clair street sidewalk in front of a beer refectory which read like this: "Fre lunge 11 2 2."

It took the man who saw this some time to figure out that the patron who didn't drop in between 11 o'clock and 2 o'clock would be very apt to miss the free lunch.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Needed an Explanation.

Sir John Adye, who was governor of Gibraltar fortress, always made himself closely acquainted with the work of whatever happened to be his department. Meeting a person once coming into the office late, the general asked him what time he was supposed to be on duty.

"Oh," was the reply, "I usually stroll in about 11 or 12 o'clock."

"Stroll in?" said Sir John in a rising tone. "Then I presume you do not leave till late?"

"Well, I usually slip off about 2 o'clock."

"Slip off at 2!" exclaimed the veteran in his topmost note. "Pray, may I ask what department you belong to?"

"Oh," said the stranger, "I come every Saturday to attend to the clocks." Sir John retreated for the first time in his life.

Repairing Trolley Wires.

Each road has two or three trouble wagons, one at each car shed. The horses are trained like those of the fire department. The crews are always in readiness. Along the line, at intervals of a few blocks, are signal boxes. When there is trouble along the line, an alarm is turned in, and the wagon, managed by skilled electricians and wire repairers, hastens to the scene. There are 24 of these wagons, manned by nearly 400 men.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

It Hits the Spot.

When suffering from a severe cold and your throat and lungs feel sore, take a dose of Foley's Honey and Tar, when the soreness will be at once relieved, a warm, grateful feeling and healing of the parts affected will be experienced and you will say: "It feels so good. It hits the spot." Guaranteed. L. K. Hogarth & Co.

"One Minute Cough Cure is the best remedy I ever used for coughs and colds. It is unequalled for whooping cough. Children all like it," writes H. N. Williams, Gentryville, Ind. Never fails. It is the only harmless remedy that gives immediate results. Cures coughs, colds, hoarseness, croup, pneumonia, bronchitis and all throat and lung troubles. Its early use prevents consumption. L. K. Hogarth & Co.

ACME MILL,
GREEN BROS., Props.
MY STOCK IS FRESH
AND CONSISTS OF:
Flour, Feed, Meal,
Wheat, Corn
Oats, Hay,
Straw, Bran,
Middlings, Hominy,
Linseed Meal, Etc.
Goods Delivered Promptly.
Water & Hill Sts. Smethport.

Leonard Koenig,
located near the creamery, is prepared to do all kinds of
PAINTING
AND
DECORATING.
UPHOLSTERING
Always done neatly and promptly. Latest styles of coverings on hand.
Smethport. Penna.

He Would Know More.

A [illegible] woman [illegible]

[illegible] "Madam, you have left your veil," at the same time holding it up in full view of all.

It was a frowsy, frayed, torn piece of black cotton net.

"It is not mine, sir!" she snapped out, giving him a withering look, and the obliging old man shrank back as if he had been jabbed with a hatpin, while the passengers grinned.

"Why was she so mad about it?" he asked in a dazed way as he laid the homely little rag on the window sill.

"I guess you never paid for a woman's finery," said another man.

"That's so," said the withered one in a hopeless tone. "I am a bachelor. Perhaps I'd know more if I'd married."

"You would that," said the other feelingly.—New York Tribune.

Resting the Muscles.

When a man is tired, he stretches his arms and legs and yawns. Birds and animals, so far as possible, follow his example.

Birds spread their feathers and also yawn, or gape. Fowls often do this. Fish yawn; they open their mouths slowly until they are round, the bones of the head seem to loosen, and the gills open.

Dogs are inveterate yawners and stretchers, but seldom sneeze unless they have a cold. Cats are always stretching their bodies, legs and claws, as every one knows who has a cat for a pet.

Horses stretch violently when and after indulging in a roll, but not, as a rule, on all fours.

A stag when stretching sticks out his head, stretches his fore feet out and hollows his back and neck as though trying to creep under a bar.

Most ruminant animals stretch when they rise up after lying down. Deer do it regularly; so do cows. This fact is so well known that if a cow, when arising from lying down, does not stretch herself it is a sign she is ill.

The reason for this is plain—the stretch moves every muscle of the body, and if there be any injury anywhere it hurts.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Measuring a Tree.

Supposing a woodchopper in the Maine forest is told to get out a mast for a yacht. He knows that he must find a tree which is straight for 60 feet below the branches. It would be very troublesome to climb trees and measure them with a tape measure, so he, without knowing it, uses practical trigonometry. He measures off 60 feet in a straight line from the tree, and then he cuts a pole, which, when upright in the ground, is exactly as tall as himself. This he plants in the earth his own length from the end of his 60 feet.

For example, if he is six feet tall, he plants his six foot pole 54 feet from the tree. Then he lies down on his back, with his head at the end of the line and his feet touching the pole, and sights over the top of it. He knows that where his eyes touch the tree is almost exactly 60 feet from the ground.—Weekly Bouquet.

Slip of the Tongue.

"What do you sell that ribbon for?" asked a young lady in a High street dry goods store.

"Eight dollars a week—oh, beg pardon, 25 cents a yard, madam."—Columbus (O.) State Journal.

The person who disturbed the congregation last Sunday by coughing, is requested to call on L. K. Hogarth & Co. and get a bottle of Foley's Honey and Tar, which always gives relief.

Why? Pay a Big Price when you can obtain a fine
Portrait and
Frame Right
at
Chas. G. Mesler's Studio,
Cor. Green & Pine Sts. Smethport, Pa.

MEADVILLE, PA., May 5, 189[illegible].
To Whom It May Concern:
To[illegible] certify that Mr. Charles G. Mesler made [illegible] pictures for me over a year ago [illegible] are perfectly satisfactory and have received praise from all that have seen them.
[illegible] HALL.

Mansfield State Normal School.

A superior training school for teachers. [illegible] Buildings and Equipments unexcelled. Large model school. Infirmary with attendant nurse. Fine gymnasium. Large athletic park. Elevator, electric lights and steam heat.

Every facility for college preparatory work or special work in agriculture and nature study, elocution, art, music, etc., etc.

Fall term opens September 5; Winter term, December 4; Spring term, March 19.

Students can enter at any time, though it is to their advantage to enter at the beginning of a term.

For catalogue, giving full information respecting courses of study, expenses, etc., address

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Mansfield, Pa.

P. S.—We will esteem it a favor if you will send us the names and addresses of any of your acquaintances who are interested in the selection of a school.

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The regular subscription price of the two papers is $2.35.

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J. S. McCarthy, Propr.
ALL KINDS OF
FRESH & SALT MEATS.
[illegible] LINE OF
CHOICEST GROCERIES.
Vegetables and Oysters in Season.
[illegible] DEMOCRAT OFFICE,
Main Street. Smethport, Pa.

Captivating a Queen.

It was by his graceful execution of a dance that young Hatton first captivated the heart of Queen Elizabeth, says [illegible] in his book on [illegible]. He had been [illegible] and entered [illegible] John Perrot, [illegible] the [illegible] first appearance there was on the occasion of a masque, ball, and her majesty was so struck by his good looks and activity that she made him one of her band of pensioners, who were considered the handsomest men in England.

It is said that the favors which the virgin monarch extended to her new favorite excited the jealousy of the whole court, especially that of the Earl of Leicester, who, thinking to depreciate the accomplishments of the young lawyer, offered to introduce to Elizabeth's notice a professional dancer whose saltatory performances were considered far more wonderful than Hatton's.

To this suggestion, however, the royal lady, with more vehemence than elegance, exclaimed: "Pish! I will not see your man. It is his trade."

The Words That Won.

In London one of the weekly papers offered a prize for the best list of strong words, to number ten.

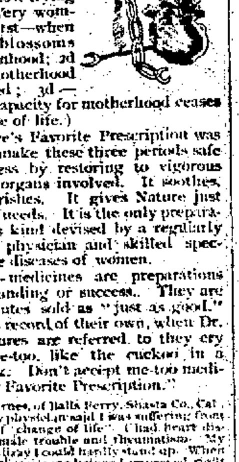
The announcement specified that but ten words would be considered from any one person, and a committee of literary men would select from the numbers offered the ten strongest words in the English language.

These are the words that won: Hate, blood, hungry, dawn, coming, gone, love, dead, alone, forever.

Do you think of any stronger, fuller of suggestion?—Exchange.

The fir tree is the commonest of all trees, being found in every part of the world.

Win hearts and you have all men's hands and purses.



No ingenuity of barbarism—no devilish invention of the masters of torture during the time of the Spanish inquisition ever devised an agony so intense, so persistent, so long enduring, so nerve-harrowing as that which is suffered day after day by the women whose distinctly feminine organism is deranged or diseased. There are three most trying times in every woman's life; 1st—when girlhood blossoms into womanhood; 2d—when motherhood is achieved; 3d—when the capacity for motherhood ceases (the change of life.)

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription was devised to make these three periods safe and painless by restoring to vigorous health the organs involved. It soothes, heals, nourishes. It gives Nature just the help it needs. It is the only preparation of its kind devised by a regularly graduated physician and skilled specialist in the diseases of women.

Me-too-medicines are preparations without standing or success. They are the substitutes sold as "just as good." Having no record of their own, when Dr. Pierce's cures are referred to they cry me-too, me-too, like the cuckoo in a Swiss clock. Don't accept me-too medicines for "Favorite Prescription."

Mrs. M. Barnes, of Balls Ferry, Shasta Co., Cal., writes: "My physician said I was suffering from the effects of 'change of life.' I had heart disease, and female trouble and rheumatism. My head was so dizzy I could hardly stand up. When I began Dr. Pierce's medicines I improved right along. I took seven or eight bottles of the 'Favorite Prescription,' a teaspoonful three times a day, and the 'Pleasant Pellets' at night. I feel as well as I ever did. I take great pleasure in recommending Dr. Pierce's medicines to suffering women. I think that they are the best medicines in the world."

FOR 1899
I have received a large invoice of
Wall Paper,
all of the latest designs. Call at the
Furniture Store of Specht & Sasse
and examine my stock.
Experienced paper hangers furnished when desired, and all work guaranteed.
C. SASSE,
Smethport, Pa.

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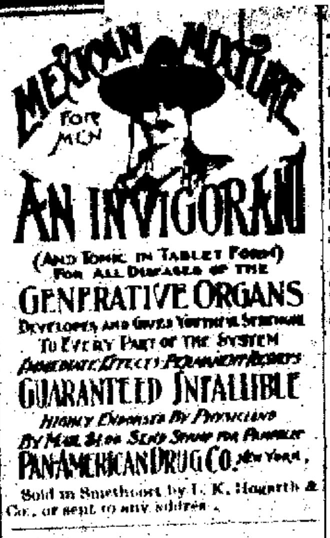
SMETHPORT, PA.



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GENERATIVE ORGANS
DEVELOPS AND GIVES YOUTHFUL STRENGTH TO EVERY PART OF THE SYSTEM
IMMEDIATE EFFECTS PERMANENT RESULTS
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Bradford, Bordell and Kinzua Ry.

Time Table taking effect Oct. 12th, 1899.

LEAVE SMETHPORT.

9:00 A. M.—Mail and Express, daily, for Ormsby Junction, Simpson, Bradford, and daily, except Sunday, for Mount Jewett and Kane, connecting with P. & W. R'y for Foxburg, Butler and Pitts'brg.

9:15 A. M.—Daily except Sunday for Ormsby Junction, Simpson, Bradford, Mt. Jewett and Kane.

1:30 P. M.—Express, daily except Sunday, for Ormsby Junction, Simpson, Davis, Aiken, Kinzua Junction and Bradford; connecting with B., R. & P. for Buffalo and Rochester, arriving at Buffalo at 6:15 p. m. and Rochester at 6:20 p.m.—with Mt. Jewett and Kane; connecting at Kane with P. & E. R. R. for Sheffield, Tiona, Warren, Corry, Union City and Erie.

5:15 P. M.—Mail and Express daily for Ormsby Junction, Mount Jewett and Kane, connecting at Kane with P. & E. train 4 for Wilcox, Johnsonburg, Ridgway, Emporium, Harrisburg, Baltimore, Washington and Philadelphia—and daily except Sunday for Simpson, Davis, Aiken, Kinzua Junction and Bradford; connecting at Bradford with train to Erie R. R. for Salamanca, Olean, Hornellsville, Elmira and New York.

Trains arrive at Smethport at 12 m. and 2:35 p. m. daily except Sunday and at 9:05 a.m. and 6:20 p.m. daily.

JNO. C. McKENNA,
Gen. Pas. Ag't.,
Bradford, Pa.

COUDERSPORT & PORT ALLEGANY Railroad Time Table, takes effect Monday, Oct. 23, 1899.

Ar. Eastw'd			Stations	Lv. Westw'd		
A.M.	A.M.	P.M.	Ar. Dp.	A.M.	P.M.	A.M.
8.20	7.16	2.10	Ulysses‡	7.32	2.30	9.23
†8.02	†7.10	†1.55	Crowell	†7.41	†2.39	†9.31
†7.57	o	†1.56	Carpenter	o	†2.43	†9.36
†7.52	7.06	†1.52	Perkins	7.45	†2.44	†9.41
7.47	7.02	1.50	N'wf'd Ju'c'n‡	7.47	2.46	9.45
o	o	1.45	Newfield	†7.51	2.50	†9.50
7.20	6.54	1.41	Gold‡	7.55	2.54	9.55
†7.15	†6.49	1.35	Raymond	†7.59	2.59	†10.00
†7.00	†6.30	†1.24	Seven Bridg's	†8.11	†3.13	†10.15
†6.55	†6.30	†1.20	Colesburg	†8.16	3.14	†10.25
†6.46	†6.20	†1.14	Frink's	†8.25	†3.20	†10.35
†6.35	o	†1.05	Nor. C'port	o	†3.31	†10.50
6.30	6.15	1.00 Dp.	Ar.	8.38	3.36	1.00
P.M.	P.M.		Coudersport‡			P.M.
4.20	1.40	12.08 Ar.	Dp.	Sat. 8.00	1.10	
o	o	†12.49	Hammond	o	o	o
†4.06	†7.31	†12.44	Olmsted	†8.16	†1.08	†1.27
3.59	1.30	12.40	Mina‡	8.50	6.10	1.31
†3.45	o	†12.33	Knowlton	o	†3.18	o
3.40	7.2	12.29	Roulette‡	9.03	6.27	1.45
†3.30	7.13	12.22	Burtville	9.0[illegible]	6.39	†1.55
†3.25	o	†12.15	Coleman	o	†4.35	o
†3.20	o	o	Chemical Works	o	o	o
3.15	7.02	12.10	Port Allegany‡	9.21	6.40	2.25
P.M.	P.M.	P.M.	Dep't. Arrive	A.M.	P.M.	P.M.

† Flag Station. o Trains do not stop. ‡ Telegraph Station.

Connections at Ulysses with N. Y. C. & H. R. R. R.; at Port Allegany with W. N. Y. & P. R'y, and at Newfield Junction with B. & S. R. R.

Trains run on eastern standard time.

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The Miner Job Department
IS ALWAYS THE LEADER IN
artistic printing

TRAVELERS' GUIDE.

THE TABLE [illegible]

In effect Oct. [illegible], 189[illegible].

Trains leave Smethport for [illegible], Olean, Bradford, Salamanca and Buffalo as follows:

Buffalo Express, daily except Sunday [illegible]. Buffalo Mail daily except Sunday, [illegible]. Local for Olean, daily except Sunday, [illegible].

*Train leaving [illegible] connects at [illegible] with River Division for Allegheny, Salamanca, Oil City and Pittsburg.

For Clermont, and points south.

Clermont Local, daily ex Sunday [illegible]
Clermont Acc'tn daily ex Sunday [illegible]
Clermont Acc'tn daily ex Sunday [illegible]
*Clermont Local connects through to Johnsonburg.

For Larrabee, Port Allegany, Coudersport and points beyond.
Mail, daily ex Sunday [illegible]
Mail daily ex Sunday, connects at Emporium for Philadelphia [illegible]

For Time Tables giving full information apply to [illegible], Ticket Agent.
[illegible], General Sup't.
[illegible] FELLOWS, Gen. Pass. & Tkt. Agt.
General offices [illegible] Building, Cor. Main and [illegible] Buffalo, N. Y.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.

PHILADELPHIA & ERIE DIVISION TIME TABLE. In effect Nov. 19, 1899.

TRAINS LEAVE EMPORIUM JUNCTION.

EASTWARD.

8:30 A. M.—Train 8, weekdays, for Sunbury, Wilkesbarre, Scranton, Hazleton, Pottsville, Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 6:23 p. m., New York [illegible] p. m., Baltimore 6:00 p. m., Washington, 7:15 p. m. Pullman Parlor car from Williamsport to Philadelphia, and passenger coaches from Kane to Philadelphia and Williamsport to Baltimore and Washington.

3:20 p. m.—Train 6, weekdays, for Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 4:23 a. m., New York 7:13 a. m., Baltimore 2:20 a. m., Washington [illegible]. Pullman sleeping cars from Harrisburg to Philadelphia and New York. Philadelphia passengers can remain in sleeper undisturbed until 7:30 a. m.

8:[illegible] p. m.—Train 4, daily, for Sunbury, Harrisburg and intermediate stations arriving at Philadelphia 6:52 a. m., New York 9:33 a. m., week days (10:38 a. m. Sundays); Baltimore 6:20 a. m., Washington 7:41 a. m. Pullman sleeping cars from Erie and Williamsport to Philadelphia and Williamsport to Washington and passenger cars from Erie to Philadelphia, and Williamsport to Baltimore. Passengers in sleeper for Baltimore and Washington will be transferred into Washington sleeper at Williamsport.

WESTWARD

5:[illegible] a. m.—Train [illegible], weekdays, for Erie, Ridgway, Dubois, Clermont and intermediate stations. 9:[illegible] a. m.—Train 3, daily for Erie and week days for Dubois and intermediate stations. 3:[illegible] p. m.—Train 15, weekdays, for Kane and intermediate stations.

THROUGH TRAINS FOR EMPORIUM FROM THE EAST AND SOUTH.

Train [illegible] leaves New York [illegible], Philadelphia [illegible] p. m., Washington [illegible] p. m., Baltimore [illegible] p. m., arriving at Emporium Junc. [illegible], weekdays, with Pullman Parlor car and passenger coaches from Philadelphia to Kane and from Washington and Baltimore to Williamsport.

Train 3, leaves New York [illegible] p. m., Philadelphia 11:20 p. m., Washington 10:40 p. m., Baltimore 11:[illegible] p. m., daily arriving at Emporium Junc. [illegible] a. m., with Pullman sleeping cars from Philadelphia to Williamsport and passenger coaches from Philadelphia to Erie and Baltimore to Williamsport; on Sundays only, Pullman sleeper Philadelphia to Erie.

Train 15 leaves Philadelphia [illegible] a. m., Washington 7:50 a. m., Baltimore 8:[illegible] a. m., Wilkesbarre 10:15 a. m., weekdays, arriving at Emporium Junction [illegible] p. m., with Pullman Parlor car from Philadelphia to Williamsport and passenger coaches from Philadelphia [illegible].

JOHNSONBURG RAILROAD.

(Weekdays.)

NORTH.	STATIONS.	SOUTH.
A. M. LV.		AR. P. M.
[illegible]	Ridgway	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	Johnsonburg	[illegible]
A. M.		A. M.

Connections are made with train [illegible] at Johnsonburg at 11:05 a. m. for [illegible] and intermediate points, arriving at [illegible] and at Ridgway with train [illegible] for [illegible] p. m. for [illegible] and intermediate points, [illegible] New York, Baltimore and Washington.

J. B. HUTCHINSON, [illegible]
General Manager. Gen'l Passenger Agt.

Buffalo, Rochester & Pittsburgh Railway
THE SHORT LINE

On and after Nov. 19th, 1899, passenger trains [illegible] between Buffalo, Rochester, [illegible], Ridgway, DuBois, Punxsutawney, [illegible] and the Coal and Lumber districts [illegible] will leave Bradford and Mt. Jewett as follows:

LEAVE BRADFORD—NORTH BOUND

[illegible] a. m., 4:10 p. m.—Buffalo & Rochester Express—For Limestone, Salamanca, [illegible], Springville, Cuba?, Buffalo, Machias, [illegible], Mount Morris, Warsaw, LeRoy and Rochester. [illegible]

5:[illegible] p. m.—Pittsburg Flyer. [illegible] For Ashford, Springville, Buffalo, Silver Springs Jct., Warsaw, LeRoy, and Rochester.

4:50 p.m., Sunday for Salamanca and Buffalo.

LEAVE MT. JEWETT—SOUTH BOUND

7:00 a.m. and 4:50 p.m.—For Johnsonburg, Ridgway, Brockwayville, DuBois, Falls Creek and Punxsutawney. [illegible]

12:51 p. m.—Pittsburg Flyer—Daily—For Johnsonburg, Ridgway, DuBois, Punxsutawney, Dayton, Curwensville, Butler and Pittsburg.

Thousand Mile Tickets, good for passage between all stations, at two cents per mile.

For time tables and full information call on or address any of the company's agents, or

L. R. McINTYRE, Agent Bradford, Pa.
EDWARD C. LAPEY,
Gen'l Passenger Agent,
Rochester, N. Y.

Popular Scenic Route.

Buffalo and Susquehanna Railroad [illegible]

BUFFALO & SUSQUEHANNA RAILROAD.
Condensed time table in effect July 24, 1899.

Read up. Read down.

A.M.	P.M.	P.M.		A.M.	P.M.	P.M.
4.58	7.56	12.35	ar Keating Sum'ty lv	12.45	[illegible]	[illegible]
8.10	7.06	12.00	Austin	7.40	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	7.00	11.55	Costello	7.46	[illegible]	
[illegible]	6.51	11.41	Wharton	6.54	[illegible]	
[illegible]	6.05	10.46	Cross Fork Jct	7.47	[illegible]	
[illegible]	5.38	10.31	Corbett	8.14	[illegible]	
[illegible]	5.27	10.21	Germania	8.26	[illegible]	
[illegible]	5.20	10.15 lv	Galeton ar / lv	8.31		
P.M.	A.M.					
7.00	1.00	10.12 ar		8.46	2.35	
6.17	12.41	9.54	Gaines Junc.	[illegible]	[illegible]	
4.11	12.11	8.56	Westfield	[illegible]	[illegible]	
4.05	11.58	8.00	Knoxville	[illegible]	[illegible]	
3.46	11.56	7.51	Osceola	[illegible]	[illegible]	
3.41	11.41	7.46	Elkland	[illegible]	[illegible]	
3.16	11.10	7.15 lv	Addison ar	[illegible]	[illegible]	
P.M.	A.M.	A.M.		A.M.	P.M.	
	5.20	10.10 ar	Galeton lv	8.36	[illegible]	
	5.01	9.51	Walton	8.47	[illegible]	
	4.31	9.27	Newfield Jct.	[illegible]	[illegible]	
	4.18	9.09	West Bingham	7.30	[illegible]	
	4.08	8.58	Genesee	7.41	[illegible]	
	4.00	8.54	Shongo	7.46	[illegible]	
	3.40	8.30 lv	Wellsville ar	[illegible]	[illegible]	
P.M.	P.M.	A.M.		A.M.	P.M.	
2.12	6.55	10.12 ar	Galeton lv	[illegible]	[illegible]	
1.50	6.43	10.00	Gaines June	[illegible]	[illegible]	
1.40	6.20	9.42 lv	Ansonia ar	[illegible]	7.45	
	P.M.	A.M.				
	2.00	7.30 ar	Cross Fork Jct lv	11.05	4.00	
	1.00	6.30 lv	Cross Fork ar	12.00	5.00	

All trains daily except Sunday.

CONNECTIONS.

At Keating Summit with W. N. Y. & P. union station.
At Ansonia with F. B. R'y union station.
At Newfield Jct. with C. & P. A. union station.
At Genesee with N. Y. & P. union station.
At Addison with Erie R.R. union station.
At Wellsville with Erie R.R.

H. C. UNDERHILL, W. C. PARK,
Gen'l Pass. Ag't, Gen'l Supt,
Buffalo, N.Y. Galeton, Pa.
M. J. McMAHON, J. H. GOODYEAR,
Div. Pass'r Ag't, Asst. Gen'l Sup't,
Galeton, Pa. Austin, Pa.

The Pittsburg, Shawmut & Northern R. R.

Time Table No. 1. Passenger Train Schedule.
SHAWMUT DIVISION.
Effective Monday Nov. 6, 1899.

SOUTHWARD. STATIONS & SIDINGS. NORTHWARD.
Read down. Read up.

Lv Buffalo Ar
Olean
Smethport
[illegible]
Clermont
Chatham
Wilcox?
[illegible]
North Fork
[illegible]
[illegible]
County Home
[illegible]
Kane?
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
Brandy Camp
[illegible]
[illegible]
Brockwayville
Shawmut
[illegible]
[illegible]
Brockwayville
AM PM AM Ar [illegible]

Close connections at St. Marys with P. & E. R. R., at Clermont with B., R. & P. R'y., for all points East and West. Also connection with W. N. Y. & P. R'y at [illegible].

All trains daily except Sunday.

[illegible], CHAS. H. KAMMERER,
[illegible] Gen'l Pass'r Agent.
St. Marys, Pa.